COLONIAL STORIES

RETOLD FROM ST. NICHOLAS

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COLONIAL STORIES

HISTORICAL STORIES

RETOLD FROM

ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE

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THE CENTURY CO.

STATUE OF A PURITAN
By Augustus St. Gaudens

COLONIAL STORIES

RETOLD FROM ST. NICHOLAS

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PREFACE

THESE stories of the Colonies are intended to interest young readers of history in the first settlers of our country, especially the English and Dutch settlers, whose rude log huts and trading-posts stood where now flourish our greatest cities. The stories told of those sturdy pioneers, their encounters and dealings with the Indians and pirates, their struggles for existence as well as for the possession of the newly-found land, are so full of daring adventure that they never fail to find ready listeners.

The three distinct settlements along the Atlantic seaboard (with which the stories in this volume have to do) played three distinct parts in our colonial history, and left their unmistakable mark on the development and civilization that followed: namely, Virginia, New England, and New Amsterdam, now New York.

Treaties, battles, and dates are the necessary milestones that measure our march through

American history. But what we like best to follow are the little by-paths that give us intimate glimpses of the daily life in the far-off colonial times. We enjoy the true stories that tell of the joys and trials and the adventures of the boys and girls in the stormy Puritan days when even the cruel winters and the crueller Indians did not keep folks from having fun. We love the tales of quaint old New Amsterdam when stage-coaches, pirates, Indian runners, and fur-trappers gave to life a flavor of romance and adventure that makes us envious, sometimes, of those who lived in those "good old days."

And it will be pleasant to feel that in reading, for example, the story of "The first Christmas tree in America," or of what Washington did as a boy, we are studying our history just as truly as when we learn the date on which the *Mayflower* cast anchor in Plymouth harbor; or how many brave men were lost at Bunker Hill.

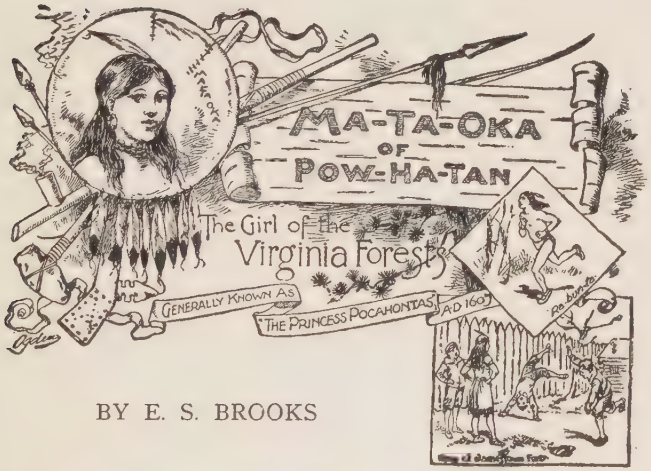
COLONIAL STORIES

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA D. HEMANS.—*The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England.*

COLONIAL STORIES



BY E. S. BROOKS

THROUGHOUT that portion of the easterly United States where the noble bay called the Chesapeake cuts Virginia in two, and where the James, broadest of all the rivers of the "Old Dominion," rolls its glittering waters toward the sea, there lived, years ago, a notable race of men.

For generations they had held the land, and

though their clothing was scanty and their customs odd, they possessed many of the elements of character that are esteemed noble, and, had they been left to themselves, might have progressed—so people who have studied into their character now believe—into a fairly advanced stage of what is known as barbaric civilization.

They lived in long, low houses of bark and boughs, each house large enough to accommodate from eighty to a hundred persons—twenty families to a house. These "long houses" were, therefore, much the same in purpose as are the tenement houses of to-day, save that the tenements of that far-off time all were on the same floor and were open closets, or stalls, about eight feet wide, furnished with bunks built against the walls and spread with deer-skin robes for comfort and covering. These stalls were arranged on either side of a broad, central passageway; and in this passageway, at equal distances apart, fire-pits were constructed, the heat from which served to warm the bodies and cook the dinners of the occupants of the "long house," each fire being shared by four families.

In their mode of life these people—a tall, well-made, attractive, and coppery-colored folk—were

what are now termed communists; that is, they lived from common stores and all had an equal share in the land and its yield,—the products of their vegetable gardens, their hunting and fishing expeditions, their home labors, and their household goods.

Their method of government was entirely democratic. No one, in any household, was better off or of higher rank than his brothers or sisters. Their chiefs were simply men—and sometimes women—who had been raised to leadership by the desire and vote of their associates; but they possessed no special authority or power, except such as was allowed them by the general consent of their comrades, in view of their wisdom, bravery, or ability. This people was, in fact, one great family bound in close association by their habits of life and their family relationships, and they knew no such unnatural distinctions as king or subject, lord or vassal.

Around their long bark tenements stretched carefully cultivated fields of corn and pumpkins, the trailing bean, the full-bunched grape-vine, the juicy melon, and the big-leafed *tabah,* or tobacco.

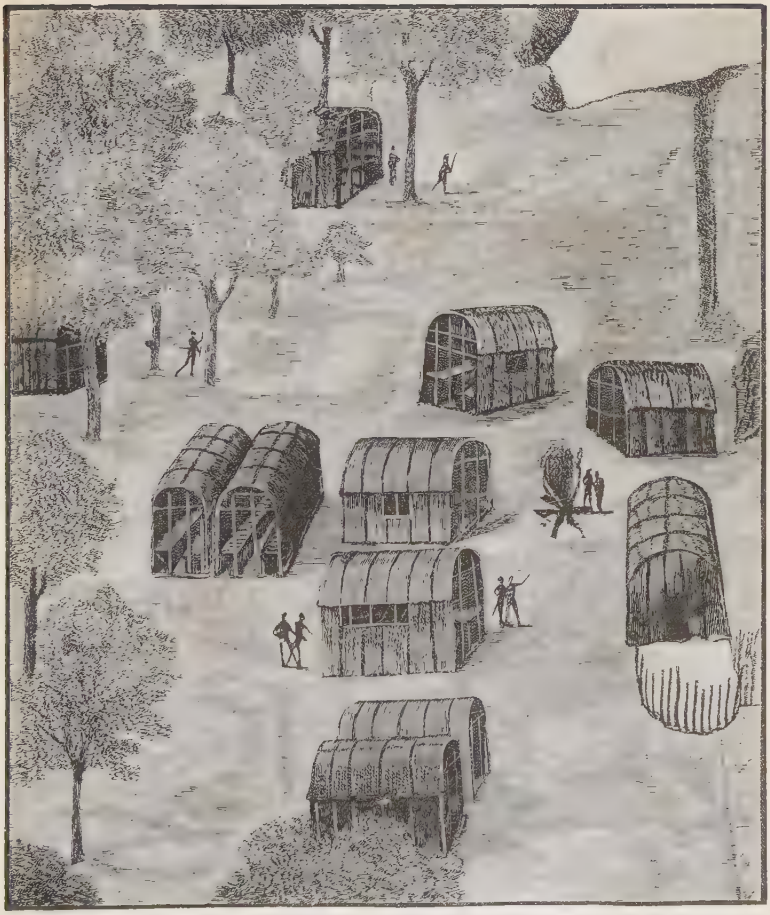
The field work was performed by the women—the natural result, where the conditions of life re-

quire all the men and boys to be hunters and warriors.

These sturdy forest-folk of old Virginia, who had reached that state of human advance, midway between savagery and civilization, which is known as barbarism, were but a small portion of that red-skinned, vigorous, and interesting race known to us by the general but wrongly-used name of "Indians." They belonged to one of the largest divisions of this barbaric race, known as the Algonquin family—a division created solely by a similarity of language and of blood-relationships—and were, therefore, of the kindred of the Indians of Canada, of New England, and of Pennsylvania, of the valley of the Ohio, the island of Manhattan, and of some of the far-away lands beyond the Mississippi.

So, for generations, they lived, with their simple home customs and their family affections, with their games and sports, their legends, and their songs, their dances, fasts and feasts, their hunting and their fishing, their tribal feuds and wars.

At the time of our story, certain of these Algonquin tribes of Virginia were joined together in a sort of Indian republic, composed of thirty



INDIAN HOUSES

From John White's original drawing, now in the British Museum

tribes scattered through Central and Eastern Virginia. It was known to its neighbors as the Confederacy of the Pow-ha-tans, taking its name from the tribe that was at once the strongest and the most energetic one in the confederation, having its fields and villages along the broad river known to the Indians as the Pow-ha-tan, and to us as the James.

The principal chief of the Pow-ha-tans was Wa-bun-so-na-cook, called by the white men Pow-ha-tan. He was a strongly built but rather stern-faced old gentleman of about sixty, and possessed such an influence over his tribesmen that he was regarded as the head man (president, we might say) of this forest republic, which comprised the thirty confederated tribes of Pow-ha-tan. The confederacy in its strongest days never numbered more than eight or nine thousand people, and yet it was considered one of the largest Indian confederacies in America. This fact tends to prove that there never was a very extensive Indian population in America, even before the white man discovered it.

Into one of the Pow-ha-tan villages, that stood very near the shores of Chesapeake Bay and almost opposite the now historic site of Yorktown,

came on a raw day, in the winter of 1607, an Indian runner whose name was Ra-bun-ta. He came as one who had important news to tell, but he paused not for shout or question from the inquisitive boys who were tumbling about in the light snow, at their favorite game of *ga-wá-sa,* or the "snow snake" game. One of the boys, a mischievous and sturdy young Indian of thirteen, whose name was Nan-ta-qua-us, even tried to insert the slender knob-headed stick, which was the "snake" in the game, between the runner's legs, and trip him up. But Ra-bun-ta was too skilful a runner to be stopped by trifles; he simply kicked the "snake" out of his way, and hurried on to the long house of the chief.

Now this Indian settlement into which the runner had come was the Pow-ha-tan village of Wero-woco-moco, and was the one in which the old chief Wa-bun-so-na-cook usually resided. Here was the long council-house in which the chieftains of the various tribes in the confederacy met for council and action, and here too was the "long tenement house" in which the old chief and his immediate family lived.

It was into this dwelling that the runner dashed. In a group about the central fire-pit

he saw the chief. Even before he could himself stop his headlong speed, however, his race with news came to an unexpected end. The five fires all were surrounded by lolling Indians; for the weather in that winter of 1607 was terribly cold, and an Indian, when inside his house, always likes to get as close to the fire as possible. But down the long passageway the children were noisily playing at their games at gus-kä-eh, or "peach-pits," at gus-ga-e-sá-tä, or "deer-buttons," and some of the younger ones were turning wonderful somersaults up and down the open spaces between the fire-pits. Just as the runner, Ra-bun-ta, sped up the passageway, one of these youthful gymnasts with a dizzy succession of handsprings came whizzing down the passageway right in the path of Ra-bun-ta.

There was a sudden collision. The tumbler's stout little feet came plump against the breast of Ra-bun-ta, and so sudden and unexpected was the shock that both recoiled, and the runner and the gymnast alike tumbled over in a writhing heap almost in the center of one of the big bonfires. Then there was a great shout of laughter, for the Indians dearly loved a joke, and such a rough piece of pleasantry was especially relished.

"Wà, wà, Ra-bun-ta," they shouted, pointing at the discomfited runner as he picked himself out of the fire, "knocked over by a girl!"

And the deep voice of the old chief said half sternly, half tenderly:

"My daughter, you have well-nigh killed our brother Ra-bun-ta with your foolery. That is scarce girls' play. Why will you be such a *po-ca-hun-tas!*" [1]

The runner joined in the laugh against him quite as merrily as the rest, and made a dash at the little ten-year-old tumbler, which she as nimbly evaded.

"*Ma-ma-no-to-wic,*" [2] he said, "the feet of Ma-ta-oka are even heavier than the snake of Nan-ta-qua-us, her brother. I have but escaped them both with my life. *Ma-ma-no-to-wic,* I have news for you. The braves with your brother O-pe-chan-ca-nough have taken the pale-faced chief in the Chicka-hominy swamps and are bringing him to the council-house."

"*Wa,*" said the old chief, "it is well; we will be ready for him."

At once Ra-bun-ta was surrounded and plied

[1] *Po-ca-hun-tas*, Algonquin for "a little tomboy."

[2] "Great man," or "strong one," a title by which Wa-bun-so-na-cook, or Powhatan, was frequently addressed.

with questions. The earlier American Indians were always a very inquisitive folk, and were great gossips. Ra-bun-ta's news would furnish fire-pit talk for months, so they must know all the particulars. What was this white *cau-co-rouse*

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

(captain or leader) like? What had he on? Did he use magic against the braves? Were any of them killed?

For the fame of "the white *cau-co-rouse,*" the "Great Captain," as the Indians called the courageous and intrepid little governor of the Virginia Colony, Captain John Smith, had already gone throughout the confederacy, and his capture was

even better than a victory over their deadliest enemies, the Manna-ho-acks.

Ra-bun-ta was as good a gossip and story-teller as any of them, and as he squatted before the upper fire-pit, and ate a hearty meal of parched corn, which the little Ma-ta-oka brought him as a peace-offering, he gave the details of the celebrated capture. The "Great Captain," he said, and two of his men had been surprised in the Chicka-hominy swamps by the chief O-pe-chan-ca-nough and two hundred braves. The two men were killed by the chief, but the "Captain," seeing himself thus entrapped, seized his Indian guide and fastened him before as a shield, and then sent out so much of his magic thunder from his fire-tube that he killed or wounded many of the Indians, and yet kept himself from harm though his clothes were torn with arrow-shots. At last, however, said the runner, the "Captain" had slipped into a mud-hole in the swamps, and, being there surrounded, was dragged out and made captive, and he, Ra-bun-ta, had been sent on to tell the great news to the chief.

The Indians especially admired bravery and cunning. This device of the white chieftain and his valor when attacked appealed to their admi-

ration, and there was great desire to see him when next day he was brought into the village by O-pe-chan-ca-nough, the chief of the Pa-mun-kee (or York River) Indians, and the brother of the chief of the Pow-ha-tans.

The renowned prisoner was received with the customary chorus of Indian yells; and then, acting upon the one leading Indian custom, the law of hospitality, a bountiful feast was set before him. The captive, like the valiant man he was, ate heartily, though ignorant what his fate might be.

The Indians seldom wantonly killed their captives. When a sufficient number had been sacrificed to avenge the memory of such braves as had fallen in the fight, the remaining captives were either adopted as tribesmen or disposed of as slaves.

So valiant a warrior as this pale-faced *cau-co-rouse* was too important a personage to be used as a slave, and Wa-bun-so-na-cook, the chief, received him as an honored guest[1] rather than as a prisoner, kept him in his own house for two days, and adopting him as his own son, promised

[1] "Hee kindly welcomed me with good words," says Smith's own narrative, "assuring me his friendship and my libertie."

him a large gift of land. Then, with many expressions of friendship, he returned him, well escorted by Indian guides, to the trail that led back direct to the English colony at Jamestown.

This relation omits the long-familiar romance of the doughty Captain's life being saved by "the King's" own daughter. But if the oft-described "rescue" did not take place, the valiant Englishman's attention was speedily drawn to the agile little Indian girl, Ma-ta-oka, whom her father called his "tomboy," or *po-ca-hun-tas*.[1]

She was as inquisitive as any young girl, savage or civilized; and she was so full of kindly attentions to the Captain, and bestowed on him so many smiles and looks of wondering curiosity, that Smith made much of her in return, gave her some trifling presents, and asked her name.

Now it was one of the many singular customs of the American Indians never to tell their own names, nor even to allow them to be spoken to strangers by any of their own immediate kindred. The reason for this lay in their peculiar superstition, which held that the speaking of one's real

[1] As to the story of Pocahontas and Captain Smith there has been — and still is — much difference of opinion; but the weight of authority to-day may fairly be said to establish the general truth of the story as Smith tells it. See John Fiske's works relating to this period. EDITORS.

name gave to the stranger to whom it was spoken a magical and harmful influence over such person.

For this very reason, Wa-bun-so-na-cook was known to the colonists by the name of his tribe, Pow-ha-tan, rather than by his own name. So, when he was asked for his little daughter's name, he hesitated, and then gave in reply the nickname by which he often called her, Po-ca-hun-tas, the "little tomboy." This agile young maiden, by reason of her relationship to the head chief, was allowed much more freedom and fun than was usually the lot of Indian girls, who were, as a rule, the patient and uncomplaining little drudges of every Indian home and village.

So, when Captain Smith left Wero-woco-moco, he left one firm friend behind him—the pretty little Indian girl, Ma-ta-oka—who long remembered the white man and his presents, and determined, after her own wilful fashion, to go into the white man's village and see all its wonders for herself.

In less than a year she saw the captain again. For when, in the fall of 1608, he came to her father's village to invite the old chief to Jamestown to be crowned by the English as "King" of the

Pow-ha-tans, this bright little girl of twelve gathered together the other little girls of the village, and, almost upon the very spot where Cornwallis in later years was to surrender the armies of England to the "rebel" republic, she with her companions entertained the English captain with a gay Indian dance, full of noise and frolic.

Soon after this second interview, Ma-ta-oka's wish to see the white man's village was gratified. For in that same autumn of 1608 she came with Ra-bun-ta to Jamestown. She sought out the captain, who was then "President" of the colony, and "entreated the libertie" of certain of her tribesmen who had been "detained"—in other words, treacherously made prisoners by the settlers because of some fear of an Indian plot against them.

Smith was a shrewd enough man to know when to bluster and when to be friendly. He released the Indian captives at Ma-ta-oka's wish — well knowing that the little girl had been duly "coached" by her wily old father, but feeling that even the friendship of a child may often be of value to people in a strange land.

The result of this visit to Jamestown was the frequent presence in the town of the chieftain's

daughter. She would come, sometimes with her brother, Nan-ta-qua-us, sometimes with the runner, Ra-bun-ta, and sometimes with certain of her girl followers. For even little Indian girls had their "dearest friends," quite as much as have our own clannish young school-girls of to-day.

I am afraid, however, that this twelve-year-old Ma-ta-oka fully deserved, even when she should have been on her good behavior among the white people, the nickname of "little tomboy," Po-ca-hun-tas, that her father had given her; for we have the assurance of sedate Master William Strachey, secretary of the colony, that "the before remembered Pocahontas, Powhatan's daughter, sometymes resorting to our fort, of the age then of eleven or twelve years, did get the boyes forth with her into the markett place, and make them wheele, falling on their hands, turning their heels upward, whome she would followe and wheele so herself, all the fort over." From which it would appear that she could easily "stump" the English boys at "making cart-wheels."

But very soon there came a time when she went into Jamestown for other purpose than turning somersaults.

The Indians soon learned to distrust the white

men, because of their unfriendly and selfish dealings, their tyranny, their haughty disregard of the Indians' wishes and desires, and their impudent meddling with their chieftains and their tribesmen. Discontent grew into hatred, and, led on by certain traitors in the colony, a plot was arranged for the murder of Captain Smith and the destruction of the colony.

Three times did they attempt to entrap and destroy the "Great Captain" and his people; but each time did the little Ma-ta-oka, full of friendship and pity for her new acquaintances, steal into the town, or find some means of misleading the conspirators, and thus warn her white friends of their danger.

One dark winter night in January, 1609, Captain Smith, who had come to Wero-woco-moco for conference and treaty with Wa-bun-so-na-cook (whom he always called Pow-ha-tan), sat in the York River woods awaiting some provisions that the chief had promised him,—for eatables were scarce that winter in the Virginia Colony.

There was a light step, beneath which the dry twigs on the ground crackled slightly, and the wary settler grasped his matchlock and bade his men be watchful. Again the twigs crackled, and

"THERE CAME FROM THE SHADOW OF THE WOODS — ONE LITTLE GIRL"

now there came from the shadow of the woods—not a train of Indians, but one little girl, Ma-ta-oka, or Po-ca-hun-tas.

"Be guarded, my father," she said as Smith drew her to his side. "The corn and the good cheer will come as promised, but even now my father, the chief of the Pow-ha-tans, is gathering all his power to fall upon you and kill you. If you would live, get you away at once."

The captain prepared to act upon her advice without delay, but he felt so grateful at this latest and so hazardous a proof of the little Indian's regard that he desired to manifest his thankfulness by presents — the surest way to reach the Indians' heart.

"My daughter," he said kindly, "you have again saved my life, coming alone, and at risk of your own young life, through the irksome woods and in this gloomy night to admonish me. Take this, I pray you, from me, and let it always tell you of the love of Captain Smith."

And the grateful pioneer handed her his much-prized pocket-compass — an instrument regarded with awe by the Indians, and esteemed as one of the instruments of the white man's magic.

But Pocahontas, although she longed to pos-

sess this wonderful "path-teller," shook her head.

"Not so, *Cau-co-rouse,*" she said, "if it should be seen by my tribesmen, or even by my father, the chief, I should be as dead to them; for they would know that I had warned you whom they have sworn to kill, and so would they kill me also. Stay not to parley, my father, but begone at once."

And with that, says the record, "She ran away by herself as she came."

So the Captain hurried back to Jamestown, and Pocahontas returned to her people.

Soon after, Smith left the colony, sick and worn out by the continual worries and disputes with his fellow-colonists. And Pocahontas felt that, in the absence of her best friend and the increasing troubles between her tribesmen and the pale-faces, it would be unwise for her to visit Jamestown.

Her fears seem to have been well grounded, for in the spring of 1613, Pocahontas, being then about sixteen, was treacherously and "by stratagem" kidnapped by the bold, unscrupulous Captain Argall—half pirate, half trader—and held by the colonists as hostage for the "friendship" of Pow-ha-tan.

One story relates that she had been married to the chief of one of the tributary tribes, Ko-ko-um by name; but, as was the Indian marriage custom, Ko-ko-um had come to live among the kindred of his wife and had doubtless been killed in one of the numerous Indian fights.

It was during the captivity of the young widow at Jamestown that she became acquainted with Master John Rolfe, an industrious young Englishman, and the man who first of all the American colonists attempted the cultivation of tobacco.

Master Rolfe was a widower and an ardent desirer of "the conversion of the pagan salvages." He became interested in the young Indian woman, though he protests that he married her for the purpose of converting her to Christianity, and rather ungallantly calls her an "unbelieving creature."

Well, the Englishman and the Indian girl, as we all know, were married, lived happily together, and finally departed for England. Here, all too soon, in 1617, when she was about twenty-one, died the daughter of the great chieftain of the Pow-ha-tans.

Her story is both a pleasant and a sad one. It needs none of the additional romance that has

been thrown about it to make it more interesting. An Indian girl, free as her native forests, made friends with the race that, all unnecessarily, became hostile to her own. Brighter, perhaps, than most of the girls of her tribe, she recognized and desired to avail herself of the refinements of civilization, and so gave up her barbaric surroundings, cast in her lot with the white race, and sought to make peace and friendship between neighbors take the place of quarrel and war.

The white race has nothing to be proud of in its conquest of the people who once owned and occupied the vast area of the North American continent. The story is neither an agreeable nor a pleasant one. But out of the gloom which surrounds it there come some figures that relieve the darkness, the treachery, and the crime that make it so sad; and not the least impressive of these is this bright and gentle little daughter of Wa-bun-so-na-cook, chief of the Pow-ha-tans, Ma-ta-oka, friend of the white strangers, whom we of this later day know by the nickname her loving old father gave her — Po-ca-hun-tas, the Algonquin.

HOW THE PILGRIMS CAME TO PLYMOUTH

BY AZEL AMES, M.D.

FOR nearly twelve years "brave little Holland" had given shelter to the true men and women who, in 1607–8, were driven out of England by the persecution of the bishops because they *would* worship God in their own way.

After many trials and dangers they came together at Amsterdam in 1608, and formed a little "Independent" church, with Richard Clifton, their old pastor among the Nottingham hills, for their minister, and John Robinson, their teacher, as his assistant.

Governor Bradford tells us, in his "Historie," that "when they had lived at Amsterdam about a year they removed to Leyden, a fair and beautiful city and of a sweet situation," on the "Old Rhine." Clifton was growing old and did not go with them, and Robinson became their pastor.

For eleven years — nearly the whole time of

"the famous truce" which came between the bloody wars of Holland and Spain — they lived here, married, children were born to them, and here some of them died.

Most of them had been farmers in England, but here "they fell to such trades & imployments as they best could, valewing peace & their spirituall comforte above any other riches whatsoever, and at length they came to raise a competente and comfortable living, but with hard and continuall labor."

But about 1617 these good, brave people of Pastor Robinson's flock became very anxious as to their circumstances and future,— especially for their children,— and at length came sadly to realize that they must again seek a new home. Their numbers had much increased, they could not hope to work so hard as they grew older, while war with the Spaniard was coming, and would surely make matters harder for them. But the chief reasons which made them anxious to find another and better home were the hardships which their children had to bear and the temptations to which they were exposed. Besides this, they were patriotic and full of love of their God, their simple worship, and their religious liberty.

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THE MAYFLOWER NEARING PLYMOUTH HARBOR

As Englishmen, though their king and his bishops had treated them cruelly, they still loved the laws, customs, speech and flag of their native land. As they could not enjoy these in their own country, or longer endure their hard conditions in Holland, they determined to find a home — even though in a wild country beyond the wild ocean — where they might worship God as they chose, "plant religion," live as Englishmen, and reap a fair reward for their labors. It was very hard to decide where to go, but at last they made up their minds in favor of the "northern parts of Virginia" in the "New World" across the Atlantic. They found friends to help them both in England and in Holland, and they helped themselves; but even then, owing to enemies, false friends, and many difficulties, it was far from easy to get away, and they had sore trials and disappointments.

And now "the younger and stronger part" of Pastor Robinson's flock, with Captain Miles Standish and his wife Rose and a few others, were to go from Leyden, in charge of Elder Brewster and Deacon Carver, and some were to join them in England, leaving the pastor and the rest to come afterward.

It was a busy time in the *Klock Steeg,* or Bell Alley, where most of the Pilgrims lived, all the spring and early summer of 1620, when they were getting ready for America. Deacon Carver and Robert Cushman, two of their chief men, were in England, fitting out a hired ship — the *Mayflower.* But the Leyden leaders had bought in Holland a smaller ship, the *Speedwell,* and were refitting her for the voyage, an English "pilot," or ship's mate (Master Reynolds), having come over to take charge. (Bradford spells the word "pilott." He was in reality a mate, or "master's mate," as Bradford also calls him — the executive navigating officer next in rank to the master. The term "pilott" had not to the same extent the meaning it has now of an expert guide into harbors and along coasts. It meant, rather, a "deck" or "watch" officer, capable of steering and navigating a ship. He was on board the *Mayflower* practically what the mate of a sailing-ship would be to-day.) Thirty-six men, fifteen women, sixteen boys, four girls, and a baby boy — seventy-two in all, besides sailors — made up the Leyden part of the Pilgrim company. Of these, six went no farther than Plymouth, Old England, though three of them afterward joined

the others in New England. Of the fifteen women, fourteen were wives of colonists and one was a lady's-maid. The thirty-six men of Leyden included all who became Pilgrim leaders, except three.

At last they were off, and on Friday, July 21 (31),[1] they said good-by to the grand old city that had been so long their home. Going aboard the canal-boats near the pastor's house, they floated down to Delfshaven, where their own little vessel, the *Speedwell,* lay waiting for them. At Delfshaven they made their last sad partings from their friends, and Saturday, July 22 (or August 1, as we should call it), hoisted the flag of their native land, sailed down the river Maas, and Sunday morning were out upon the German Ocean, under way, with a fair wind, for the English port of Southampton, where they were to join the other colonists.

[1] Owing to a difference in the methods of reckoning time used by England and other nations between the years 1582 and 1752,—when all became practically alike,—it was common to make use of "double-dating." In so doing, the terms "Old Style" and "New Style" were used, and to make the dates of the former and the latter correspond, ten days are *added* to all dates of the period between 1582 and 1700, eleven days to those between 1700 and 1800, and twelve days to those between 1800 and 1900. December 11, 1620, Old Style, would be by our present reckoning December 21, 1620 ("Forefathers' Day").

For three fine days they sailed down the North Sea, through Dover Straits, into the English Channel, and the fourth morning found them anchored in Southampton port. Here they found the *Mayflower* from London lying at anchor, with some of their own people — the Cushmans and Deacon Carver — and some forty other Pilgrim colonists who were going with them. Among these our Leyden young people were no doubt very glad to find eight more boys and six girls of all ages, two of them being Henry Sampson and Humility Cooper, little cousins of their own Edward Tilley, who was to take them with him.

For ten days the two ships lay in this port. Trying days for the elders indeed they were. Mr. Weston, their former friend (who had arranged with the merchants to help them, but was now turned traitor), came to see them, was very harsh, and went away angry. The passengers and cargoes had to be divided anew between the ships, thirty persons going to the *Speedwell* and ninety to the *Mayflower*. Then the pinnace sprung a leak and had to be reladen. To pay their "Port charges" they were forced to sell most of their butter. And there were many sad and anxious hearts. But great times those ten

days were for the larger boys and girls who were allowed to go ashore on the West Quay (at which the ships lay), and to whom every day was full of new sights, both aboard the vessels and ashore. "Governors" were chosen for the ships; a young cooper — John Alden — was found, to go over, do their work, and come back, if he wished, on the *Mayflower;* and all was at last ready. They said what they thought were their last farewells to England, and down the Solent, out by the lovely Isle of Wight, into the broad Channel, both ships sailed slowly, "outward bound."

But twice more the leaky *Speedwell* and her cowardly master made both ships seek harbor — first at Dartmouth, where they lay ten days while the pinnace was overhauled and repaired, and again at Plymouth, after they had sailed "above 100 leagues beyond Land's End." At Plymouth it was decided that the *Speedwell* should give up the voyage and transfer most of her passengers and lading to the *Mayflower,* which would then make her belated way over the ocean alone.

Some twenty passengers — the Cushmans, the Blossoms, and others — went back to London in the pinnace, and after a weary stay of nine days, on Wednesday, September 6 (16), the lone Pil-

grim ship at last "shook off the land" and, with a fair wind, laid her course for "the northern coasts of Virginia."

One hundred and two passengers sailed from Plymouth on the *Mayflower*. They had been so constantly stirred up, in so many ways, since leaving Leyden or London, that they were glad to settle themselves at last for their long voyage. After the two ships' companies were united, Carver became Governor (in place of Mr. Martin, the treasurer, who made many enemies), and though the vessel was badly crowded, and of course many were seasick, things were soon in order, and with the fine weather which lasted till they were half-way over the sea all were soon used to the ship life.

But who were the passengers? Of the seventy-six who came from Leyden six went back, leaving seventy, and there were but thirty-two left of those who joined at Southampton. Of these thirty-two, nine were men, four young men, five women (wives), eight were boys, and six girls. So there were, in all, forty-four men (including the hired seamen and servants of full age), nineteen women, twenty-nine young men, boys, and male (minor) servants, and ten girls of all ages.

"THE FIRST MORNING ASHORE IN THE NEW WORLD"

The master of the Pilgrim ship was Thomas Jones, "a rough sea-dog" who had been a pirate, but was a good navigator and had sailed one or more voyages to "Virginia" (as all North America was then called). The first mate (or "pilot") was John Clarke, a quiet man and good officer, who had also been to "Virginia"; the second mate (or "pilot") being Robert Coppin, an "over-smart" young man who had made one voyage to the New England coast. Besides these were the "ship's merchant," or supercargo, Mr. Williamson, a fine man, who had doubtless also been in some parts of "Virginia," as he seems to have known the Indian "lingo," and lastly, the ship's surgeon, Giles Heale, of whom we know very little.

Not much that is good can be said of Master Jones, and his record is wholly bad. He inspired confidence only in his skill as a seaman and sportsman. The Pilgrim leaders evidently made little talk with him, and we may be sure that the young folks feared him. He died a pirate. Clarke was modest and faithful, one in whom all seem to have had confidence. Coppin was not, as a certain author has portrayed him, "old," "saintly," or even a "pilot" (in the sense of a

guide), and he was but the third officer of the Pilgrim ship, and of very little account, though he came very near wrecking the Colony by his blunders on the shallop's first visit to Plymouth harbor.

If our young folks of to-day could see the old *Mayflower* they would think her a queer sort of ship, with her high, three-decked stern, high forecastle, stumpy masts, big lateen sail, toy cannon, bowsprit sails, funny anchors, etc. She was no less queer inside, for her main deck after-house was divided up into little cabins for the women and girls, set around a central cabin, or saloon; the deck-house above was taken up by the officers' quarters; while in the "between-decks" were the little cabins and bunks of the men and boys who were passengers, and their crude appliances for fire and cooking.

The high, tilting, pitching poop-deck at the stern was no place to play shovel-board or ring-toss, as one does to-day on an ocean liner, or, in fact, for any one to be without good sea-legs. The deck-space in the "waist," or middle, of the ship was apt to be very wet and unsafe because of the breaking seas, and in very rough weather there were above decks *no* places where even the men and larger boys could safely stay.

John Howland, one of the Leyden young men, proved this. "Coming above the gratings [*i.e.*, upon the high after-deck] he was, by a sudden seel [roll] of the ship," tossed overboard, and would surely have drowned if he had not caught hold of a rope trailing alongside, and, though he was buried deep under the waves, held on, and by means of the rope and a boat-hook was drawn into the ship. Though he was ill after this escape, he lived many years to tell the story to his grandchildren, and became a prominent man in the Pilgrim Colony.

The Pilgrim leaders very wisely bought a large sail-boat, or shallop, for fishing, and to take them from place to place; but when they tried to put it aboard the *Mayflower* it was so large they had to cut it down to stow it between decks. They got it in, and as the men and boys could not stand or lie about the decks in stormy weather, they lay in the shallop. It must, in fact, have been a favorite lounging-place during the voyage, for Bradford says that the shallop "was much opened [*i.e.*, her seams were opened] with the people lying in her."

In the beautiful weather which they had for weeks under the harvest moon, after they left the land, many of the passengers could walk or lie about the decks at times; could sometimes cook

(no very easy matter at sea in those days); could chat with old friends or new acquaintances; and could give the little ones, now and then, a whiff on deck of the fresh air and a sight of the big ship and the sea.

A sharp change of weather came all too soon, and heavy gales, wild seas, and severe storms followed the fine days and nights. "The ship was shrewdly [roughly] shaken and her upper works made very leaky. One of the main [deck] beams in the midships was bowed and cracked and [there was] some fear that the ship could not perform the voyage." Clearly there was great anxiety and alarm and some danger. Fortunately a passenger had brought a jack-screw aboard, by which the bent deck-beam was forced up into its place, so that a post was set under it, the leaky decks were calked, and the danger and discomfort lessened. The jack-screw has become historic and is sometimes said to have saved the ship and Colony; but a few wedges would have done as well.

In late October, after the fine weather had come again, a son was born to Mistress Elizabeth Hopkins, the wife of Master Stephen Hopkins. This boy was named Oceanus in commemoration of his having been born at sea.

A few days after the birth of the first child to the colonists, the first death occurred among them —though one of the crew had died before. William Butten, Dr. Fuller's servant-assistant, who had come with him from Leyden,—and was no doubt known to all the *Mayflower* boys and girls as "Billy Butten,"—died and was buried in the sea. Although they were now nearing land and were full of joy and hope at thought of it, there can be no doubt that as Elder Brewster offered prayer, and the shrouded form slid into the dark waters, there were many saddened hearts among those who had known the poor boy in the old Dutch city.

All were now anxiously watching for signs of land, and three days later, on the morning of Friday, November 10 (20), at daybreak, the lookout at the masthead gave the welcome cry of "Land, ho!" They made it out to be "Cape Cod," as named by the navigator Gosnold, and laid down on the chart of Captain John Smith—of Pocahontas fame—as "Cape James."

But they were not yet where they meant to land, so they "squared away" around the cape for the mouth of "Hudson's River," little dreaming of the plot to be sprung upon them, or how

soon they would turn back. Not long after noon the ship was in the midst of dangerous "rips and shoals" off the easterly shore of the cape, and, after much (apparent) trouble, got out of them before dark. The wind shifted to "dead ahead," and Master Jones declared it impossible to go on, and that he should go back to Cape Cod harbor.

We know *now* that he had been hired and ordered by his employers, Thomas Weston and Sir Ferdinando Gorges, and by the Earl of Warwick, whose evil work he had long done, to land his passengers somewhere north of the forty-first parallel of north latitude. They would then be within the territory of the Council of Affairs for New England, controlled by the wily Gorges, who had long wanted these Pilgrim colonists and plotted and manœuvered to get them upon his domain. This was Master Jones's chance, and he was quick to seize it, and so *steal the Pilgrim Colony for his masters from the London Virginia Company,* who were the colonists' friends and patrons.

So round again the good ship went for the harbor of Cape Cod. All night under "short sail" she worked slowly back to the "sighting" point. And now another trouble arose; for as soon as

it was determined to go about and land farther north, Stephen Hopkins, John Billington, and others of the colonists who joined in England, began to whisper that if they settled on territory not covered by their "patente," neither Governor Carver nor any other would have authority over them, and that "when they came ashore they would use their own libertie."

To meet this difficulty the Leyden leaders and others drew up that famous "Compact" by which the first "civill body politick" was organized in America, and "government by consent of the governed" was first set up. A little beginning for such mighty results!

Saturday morning, November 11 (21), found them just north of the cape, with only the harbor to reach. Bradford says: "This day before we came to harbor . . . it was thought good there should be an association and agreement, that we should combine together in one body, and to submit to such government and governors, as we should by common consent make and choose." So while the ship was slowly "beating" into harbor the "Compact" was made and signed, Carver was "confirmed" as Governor, and the peace and

good order of the Pilgrim Colony were made secure.

They sounded their way carefully into the harbor, and, circling round it, let go their anchors, three quarters of a mile from shore, under the wooded point (now Long Point, Provincetown harbor) separating the harbor from the sea — sixty-seven days from Plymouth, ninety-nine from Southampton, one hundred and twenty-nine from London.

To get out the long-boat and set ashore "a party of fifteen or sixteen men in armor, and some to fetch wood, having none left, landing them on the long point toward the sea," was the work of an hour. The party returned at night, having seen no person or habitation, but with the boat loaded with juniper wood (savin), and fires were soon lighted between decks.

Their first Sunday in New England, we may be sure, was a quiet, grateful, and restful one; but they were up betimes on Monday, got out their shallop, and set the carpenters to work on her. The women went ashore to wash their clothes in the fresh water of a near-by beach pond; but the water was shallow where they landed, and the men had to wade ashore from

ARMOR WORN BY THE PILGRIMS IN 1620

the boats and carry the women, bundles, and kettles. A very merry time they no doubt had, that first morning ashore in the New World, and a sight it was at which to have snapped a kodak; but, alas! many colds were taken that day, from which some never recovered.

"Some sickness began to fall among them," Bradford tells us, but with soldierly steadiness they closed ranks where one or another dropped out, and bravely sent out two expeditions to spy out the land and find a fit place for them to inhabit. They saw a few Indians at a distance, found their habitations, graves, and concealed corn, a few deer, wild fowl and sassafras in plenty, and good water, but no good place for a home. The weather changed suddenly,—was cold and stormy; the ground froze, and Master Jones became surly and domineering.

Monday, November 27 (December 7 according to our reckoning), a son was born to Mistress Susanna White, wife of Master William White. He was named Peregrine, and he was the *first white child born in New England, and the last survivor of all the Pilgrim company.*

Numbers of "whales" (probably blackfish or grampuses) frequently played about the ships in

the harbor, "and one lying within half a musket shot, two of the planters shot at her." But the musket of one blew in pieces, stock and barrel; yet none were hurt — nor was the whale.

On Wednesday, December 6 (16), the third exploring party got away in the shallop, to try to find a harbor recommended by young Coppin, the second mate. Captain Standish was in command, and with him were Governor Carver, Bradford, Winslow, Warren, Hopkins, the brothers Tilley, Howland, Dotey, two of the colonists' seamen, Alderton and English, the mates Clarke and Coppin, the master gunner, and three of the sailors — eighteen in all, most of them the leaders. If disaster befell *this* party it would surely end the undertaking — and they narrowly escaped it.

The day after their departure Master Bradford's wife fell overboard and was drowned, and the day following Master Chilton died, and was buried ashore.

On Wednesday, December 13 (23), the third exploring party returned to meet sorrowful news, but bearing good tidings. They had a short but fierce encounter with Indians (Nausets), and met a severe gale with snow later the same day, in

which they were very near being cast away in making a harbor which Master Coppin thought he knew, but about which he was mistaken. They — and the Colony — were saved by the quick sense and pluck of Thomas English, master of the shallop, and landed on an island which they named for Master Clarke, the first mate, and spent two days there.

On Monday, December 11 (21), which we now call "Forefathers' Day," they examined and sounded the harbor, landed on a rock upon the shore (the now famous "Plymouth Rock"), found a good town-site, and agreed upon it as the place for settlement — the colonists approving the same upon their report.

On Friday, December 15 (25), the ship weighed anchor to go to the place agreed upon (which is called "Plimoth" by Captain John Smith upon his chart of 1616) after lying in Cape Cod harbor five weeks and losing four of her company. The shallop piloted them across the bay, but when within six miles, the wind coming northwest, they could not get into the harbor, and were forced to go back to their old anchorage. This would have been Christmas day according to our present reckoning, but was ten days earlier by theirs.

But to them Christmas was an offense, as a holy day of the Church of England which the Pilgrims had left, and it was many years before they would in the least honor it. When Christmas day, as they knew it, arrived, ten days later, three more had died, and sorrow and sickness filled the ship; those who could, worked hard all day on their first log-house, and so far were they from merry-making that they began that day to drink water instead of beer, though Master Jones gave some at night to those on board. There was no "Christmas" on the *Mayflower!*

The next day, December 16 (26), the wind again being fair, ship and shallop took final departure from Cape Cod, this time made Plymouth harbor safely, and the shallop piloted the ship to the anchorage she had sounded out for her the Monday before. A little before dark the weary but immortal *Mayflower* let go her anchors just within a long spur of beach a mile and a half from the landing rock — one hundred and two days from Plymouth to Plymouth, one hundred and fifty-five from London. The Pilgrim voyage was over. "Freedom's ark had reached her Ararat."

The next day was the Sabbath. Goodwin says: "It was devoted to worship and rest; yet curious

PILGRIM HALL, PLYMOUTH
Filled with Pilgrim Relics

eyes must have been peering over that ship's rail much of the day." But wild and beautiful nature was all those eyes could discover. The old village of the Patuxets which once stood on the westerly shore, had been without hut or inhabitant since the terrible plague of 1612–15 had swept the red man away. The good Massasoit dwelt forty miles away, at Pokanoket. Not an Indian did the Pilgrims see till the last of January, nor one to talk with till Samoset came, in the middle of March. It was March 22 before he brought Massasoit.

By the extinction of the Patuxets they were practically

Monarchs of all they surveyed, their right there was none to dispute;
From the center around to the sea they were lords of the fowl and the brute.

On the morrow they began to lay the foundations of the Pilgrim Republic, with Liberty for their corner-stone.

LITTLE SUSAN BOUDINOT

DAUGHTER OF ELIAS BOUDINOT, PRESIDENT OF THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS

BY ETHEL PARTON

Little Susan, only nine, at the Governor's to dine
(Turkis locket, buff brocade,
Muslin tucker frilled and fine—
Far too fine to feel afraid in such elegance arrayed),
With her round young eyes a-shine,
Sat up still, and straight, and staid.

Little girls, as well she knew, should be seen, not listened to,
In their elders' company,
So her words were shy and few;
But her smile shone sunnily on *Sir* and *Madam* grand to see—
Towering comb and powdered queue,
Ruffled chest and ribboned knee.

Noting beau and belle in turn, much indeed she hoped to learn,
Till—alack, the startled haste
Of the wakening!—came an urn,

By a pompous butler placed nigh the hostess—silvern,
chased,
And fragrant! *Tea,* that true folk spurn,
Tea—*taxed tea!*—she would not taste.

But her childish heart beat fast as the steaming draught
was past;
Whig and rebel through and through,
Daring half, and half aghast,

Wondering just what she must do when a willow-
patterned blue
Cup should come her way at last—
Brave to be, and courteous too.

Waiting—would they laugh or blame?—till the fateful
moment came,
And before the company
The stately hostess spoke her name,
Smiling toward her pleasantly: "Susan, here 's your
cup of tea."
Susan blushed with pride and shame,
But she took it, mannerly,
Raised and touched it, face aglow, to her lips; then,
curtsying low,
(Very small and dignified,
Darling Susan Boudinot!)

To a window open wide crossed, and rained the tea
outside
On the marigolds below,
That shriveled up and died!

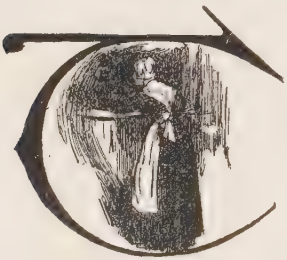
Royal Governor and guest, startled Madam with the
rest,
Whig and Tory, laughed outright
At the treason thus expressed:
At the lady-air polite, and the blue eyes anger-bright,
As the rebel stood confessed
And fearless in their sight.

"TO A WINDOW OPEN WIDE"

Soft cheek changing, red and white, little hand still
grasping tight
Her empty tea-cup, and below,
Tapping wrathful, quick, and light,
Where the full skirt ceased to flow, a tiny satin slipper-
toe
And a twinkling buckle bright—
That, a hundred years ago,
Was Little Susan Boudinot!

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE IN NEW ENGLAND

BY SARAH J. PRITCHARD



WAS in the year 1635. On a November afternoon Mrs. Rachel Olcott was spinning flax in the cheerful kitchen of a small house not far from Plymouth Rock, in Massachusetts. Eastward from the house, the ocean broke with a sullen roar on the rocks of the coast below; northward lay the few homes of the few Pilgrims who were Mrs. Olcott's neighbors.

Captain Olcott's ship had sailed from Boston for England, in the year 1632, and had not been heard from.

The little band of Pilgrims had ceased to look for news from the captain or his ship.

Mrs. Olcott kept up a brave heart and a cheer-

ful face for the sake of her four children, Robert, Rupert, Lucy, and poor, crippled little Roger; but this November afternoon anxiety filled her heart. Day by day her little store of provisions had lessened under the stress of hunger until even the corn-meal had vanished, and it became necessary to send corn to be ground at the only mill in all that region. Early in the day, Robert and Rupert with their sister Lucy had been sent to the miller's, for it was well understood that each comer must await his turn at the mill. This grinding in those early days was slow work, and much of the day had passed before Mrs. Olcott expected them to return.

But when the sky grew dark and the snow began to fall, the loving mother grew anxious. She drew the great arm-chair, in the cushioned depths of which poor, pale-faced little Roger lay curled, far into the fireplace; and then, when anxiety grew to fear, she threw over her head the hooded red cloak that all the Puritan matrons wore, and hurried over the hill, as fast as the drifting snow would permit, to the house of her nearest neighbor, Master John Hawley.

As she drew the latch and walked in with impetuous haste, up sprang John Hawley and

stalked to the corner, where, ever ready, stood his trusty musket.

"Indians, Rachel?" shrieked Mrs. Hawley, springing to drop the curtain that hung above the one window of the room.

"Put up your musket, friend," gasped Mrs. Olcott. "It is my boys who are in danger. They went to the mill with grist. Lucy is with them. Oh, save them!" she pleaded.

"They 're young and tough; they 'll weather it through, and be home by supper-time," said John Hawley, the stanch Puritan, dropping his musket to its corner. "I 'll step over after supper and see. Go home, and don't worry."

To him, nothing less than Indians seemed worth a moment's uneasiness.

When he turned, Rachel Olcott was gone, and his wife was at the door, watching the red cloak as its wearer urged it through the snow.

"A woman has no business to look as she does," exclaimed Mrs. Hawley, closing the door.

"She 's had trouble enough in Plymouth, goodness knows! — her husband lost, and that crippled child to care for night and day, those boys to bring up, and hardly enough money to keep soul and body together. And there she goes this

"'TELL ME SOMETHING MORE ABOUT ENGLAND, MOTHER,' HE PLEADED"

minute with a face like a sweetbrier rose"; and John Hawley demanded his supper at once.

He had it, his wife looking as stern as any Puritan of them all, as he put on his greatcoat and went out, saying:

"If those youngsters have come home, I 'll be right back."

But he was not "right back." Midnight came down on all the Atlantic coast, and he had not returned.

The supper for the young Olcotts was baked at the hearth, and set back to await their coming. The blazing logs filled the long, low kitchen with light. There was no need of a candle, as the mother sat, to sing her poor boy to sleep. But Roger could not sleep.

"Tell me something more about England, mother," he pleaded, again and again. "It keeps me from thinking of Lucy and the boys, when you talk."

The firelight illumined the white face and made the blue eyes of the boy more pitiful than ever in their plaintive asking that night.

The mother's thoughts and her heart were out in the snowdrifts searching with her neighbors for her bright, rosy darlings, but her words and

her hands were ministering to this child, bereft of almost everything belonging to the outside world of work and endeavor.

"Well, then, Roger, shut your eyes and try to go to sleep, while I tell you something about Christmas—the way we used to keep it—before Mama was a Puritan, you know."

Then she told the boy of old-time customs in her native land; of her father's house, and the great rejoicings that came at Christmas-time, and lastly, with a vague feeling of regret in her heart, she came to the story of the great green bough that was lighted with tapers and hung with gifts for the good children.

"What made you be a Puritan, mother? Why did n't you stay at home?" asked Roger.

"Don't ask me, my boy," she said, touching the shining face with a kiss.

"Mother, I 'd like it, if I could see a Christmas-bough just for once before I die."

At that moment the door was thrust in, and the boys, Robert and Rupert, clad in snow, entered the room. The mother, dropping Roger's mite of a hand, sprang to meet them with untold gladness in her eyes, that still looked beyond them in search of something more.

"Lucy 's all right, mother!" cried Robert. "If it had n't been for Mr. Hawley, though, and Richard Cooper, and the rest, we 'd have had a night of it in the old cedar-tree. We could n't get a bit farther with the meal and Lucy; so we scooped out the snow in the big hollow, put Lucy in first, when we had made sure there was n't a fox or anything inside; crawled in ourselves, with a big stick apiece to keep off enemies, and were getting very hungry and sleepy, when a light flashed in our eyes."

"But where is Lucy?" interrupted Mrs. Olcott.

"Oh, they are bringing her! And mother, Mr. Hawley has been scolding us half the way home for going to mill on such a day. And we never told him that we had n't meal enough in the house to last till to-morrow. We took it brave."

"That 's right, my good boys; but how did they find you?" Mrs. Olcott demanded.

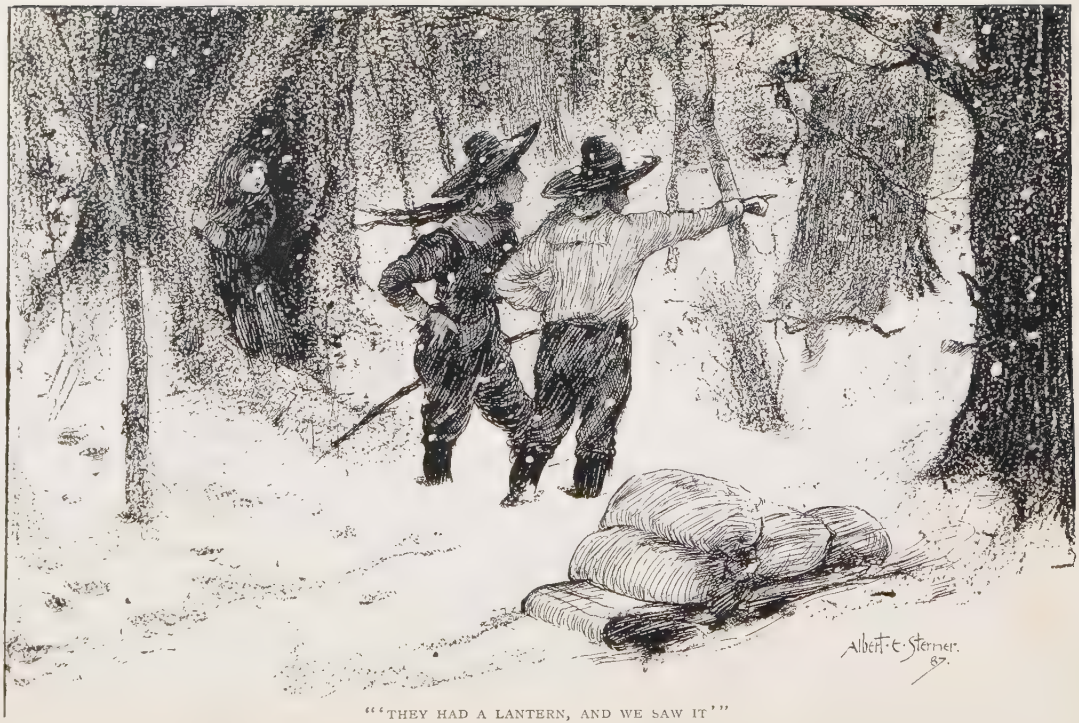
"They did n't; we found them," cried Rupert. "They had a lantern, and we saw it; and then we made a dash after the light, and brought them back to the hollow. When they drew Lucy out, she was fast asleep, and as warm as toast, 'cause Robert gave her his jacket, and I tied my muffler on her, too."

"And she 's fast asleep this minute, I do believe!" added Robert, as two vigorous young men entered,— one drawing the sled-load of meal and the other bearing Lucy in his arms.

From that night in November little Roger fell to thinking so much of the beautiful Christmas-bough. He talked of it when awake, he dreamed of it when he slept; and he told his dreams and said, with tears on his cheeks, how sorry he was to awake and find that he had n't seen it after all — and, oh, he wanted to so much!

The time of Christmas in that far, far-away year drew near, and in all the land there was not a Christmas-bell, a Christmas-tree, nor even a Christmas-gift.

A physician from Boston had come down, and told Mrs. Olcott that the lad must die. This bright little mother wished, oh, so much! to make her child happy, and his little heart was set on seeing a Christmas-bough before he died. She could not withstand his wishes, and she said to herself, "If I am punished for it as long as I live, Roger shall see a Christmas-bough." So she took her boys, Robert and Rupert, and little Lucy, outside the house one day, just a week before Christmas, and told them what she was going to do.



"'THEY HAD A LANTERN, AND WE SAW IT'"

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Robert, the eldest son. "They 'll persecute you to death; they 'll drive us into the wilderness; we shall lose our home and everything!"

"Remember, boys, your mother has been into the wilderness once, and she is n't afraid of that. We shall have the Christmas-bough! I am going up to Boston to-morrow, if the day is fine, and I 'll fetch back some nice little trinkets for poor Roger. Maybe a ship has come in lately; one is expected."

On the morrow, clad in the scarlet cloak, Mrs. Olcott set forth for Boston. She had not been there since the day she went up to see the ship sail, with her husband on it — the ship that never had been heard from. But that was more than three years before, and it was in going home from Boston that Roger had been so hurt and maimed that his little life was spoiled.

Great was the astonishment in Plymouth when it was learned that the Widow Olcott had gone to Boston. Why had she to go to Boston? She had no folk living there to go to see; and what had she been buying, they wondered, when she came back. Mrs. Hawley went down the hill that same day to make inquiry, and found out very little.

As soon as Mrs. Olcott was well rid of Mrs.

Hawley, she called her boys, and bade them go to the pine-woods and get the finest, handsomest young hemlock-tree that they could find.

"Get one that is straight and tall, with well-boughed branches on it, and put it where you can draw it under the woodshed, after dark," she added.

The boys went to Pine Hill, and there they picked out the finest young tree on all the hill, and said, "We will take this one." So, with their hatchets they hewed it down and brought it safely home the next night when all was dark. And when Roger was quietly sleeping in the adjoining room, they dragged the tree into the kitchen. It was too tall, so they took it out again and cut off two or three feet at the base. Then they propped it up, and the curtains being down over the windows, and blankets being fastened over the curtains to prevent any one looking in, and the door being doubly barred to prevent any one coming in, they all went to bed.

Very early the next morning, while the stars shone on the snow-covered hills,— the same stars that shone sixteen hundred years before on the hills when Christ was born in Bethlehem,— the little Puritan mother in New England arose very

softly. She went out and lit the kitchen fire anew from the ash-covered embers. She fastened upon the twigs of the tree the gifts she had bought in Boston for her boys and girl. Then she took as many as twenty pieces of candle and fixed them upon the branches. After that, she softly called Rupert, Robert, and Lucy, and told them to get up and dress and come into the kitchen.

Hurrying back, she began, with a bit of a burning stick, to light the candles. Just as the last one was set aflame, in trooped the three children.

Before they had time to say a word, they were silenced by their mother's warning.

"I wish to fetch Roger in and wake him up before it," she said. "Keep still until I come back!"

The little lad, fast asleep, was lifted in a blanket and gently carried by his mother into the beautiful presence.

"See! Roger, my boy, see!" she said, arousing him. "It is Christmas morning now! In England they have only Christmas-boughs, but here in New England we have a whole Christmas-tree."

"Oh, mother!" he cried. "Oh, Lucy! Is it really, really true, and no dream at all? Yes, I

see! I see! Oh, mother! it *is* so beautiful! I sha'n't mind going," said the boy, "now that I 've seen the Christmas-bough. I— *What is that, mother?"*

What *was* it that they heard? The little Olcott home had never before seemed to tremble so. There were taps at the window, there were knocks at the door — and it was as yet scarcely the break of day! There were voices also, shouting something to somebody.

"Shall I put out the candles, mother?" whispered Robert.

"What will they do to us for having the tree? I wish we had n't it," regretted Rupert; while Lucy clung to her mother's gown and shrieked with all her strength, "It 's Indians!"

Pale and white and still, ready to meet her fate, stood Mrs. Olcott, until, out of the knocking and the tapping at her door, her heart caught a sound. It was a voice calling, "Rachel! Rachel! Rachel!"

"Unbar the door!" she cried back to her boys. "It 's your father calling!" Down came the blankets; up went the curtain; open flew the door, and in walked Captain Olcott, followed by every man and woman in Plymouth who had heard at break of day the glorious news that the expected

PLYMOUTH AND PLYMOUTH HARBOR

ship had arrived at Boston, and with it the long-lost Captain Olcott. For an instant nothing was thought of except the joyous welcoming of the captain in his own home.

"What 's this? What is it? What *does* this mean?" was asked again and again, when the first excitement was past, as the tall young pine stood aloft, its candles ablaze, its gifts still hanging.

"It 's welcome home to father!" said Lucy, her only thought to screen her mother.

"No, child, *no!*" sternly spoke Mrs. Olcott. "Tell the truth!"

"It 's — a — Christmas-tree!" faltered poor Lucy.

One and another and another, Pilgrims and Puritans all, drew near with faces stern and forbidding, and gazed and gazed, until one and another and yet another softened slowly into a smile as little Roger's piping voice sang out:

"She made it for me, mother did. But *you* may have it now, and all the pretty things that are on it, too, because you 've brought my father back again; if mother will let you," he added.

Neither Pilgrim nor Puritan frowned at the

gift. One man, the sternest there, broke off a little twig and said:

"I 'll take it for the sake of the good old times at home."

Then every one wanted to take a bit for the same sweet sake, until the young pine was bereft of half its branches. But still it stood, like a hero at his post, candles burning and gifts hanging, until all but the little household had departed; and even then, the last candle was permitted to burn low and flicker out before a gift was distributed, so glad were the Olcotts in the presence of the one great gift of that Christmas morn; so eager were they to be told every bit of the story, the wonderful story, of their father's long, long voyage in a poor, little, storm-beaten and disabled ship which, at last, he had been able to guide safely into port. His return voyage had been made in the very ship that Mrs. Olcott had hoped would arrive in time for her Christmas-tree.

That morning brought to Roger something better than Christmas-trees, better, if such a thing were possible, than the home-coming of the hero-captain — renewed life. It may have been the glad surprise, the sudden awaking in the bright presence of a real, live Christmas-tree; it may

have been the shock of joy that followed the knocking and the shouts at door and window, or the more generous living that came into the little house near Plymouth. Certain it was, that Roger began to mend in many ways, to grow satisfied with bleak New England wind and weather, and to rejoice the heart of all the Olcotts by his glad presence with them.

THE FIGHT FOR A LANGUAGE[1]

BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS

WHERE Castine, with its beautiful harbor, looks down the broadening Bay of Penobscot and borders the lessening Bagaduce, Uncle Tom and his colony-hunters stood within the confines of the old fort—made, remade, and made again through twice two hundred years—and looked off upon the picturesque combination of town and sea and hill.

"It is, indeed, a historic section of the New World on which we are now looking," Uncle Tom assured them. "The flags of five nations have floated over these waters in token of possession; and here, as along all this rugged, sea-indented, island-fringed Maine coast, was waged a part of that fierce fight for a language that wasted many a fair settlement, North as well as South, and finally established English speech and English

[1] One of a series of articles by Elbridge S. Brooks, who took a party of American boys and girls "through the Colonies."

customs along the valley of the St. Lawrence, down the whole course of the wonderful Mississippi, and along the blue and mighty Gulf of Mexico from the Rio Grande to the winter city of St. Augustine and the flower-bordered river of May."

"How interesting!" said Marian. "But what do you mean by 'a fight for a language,' Uncle Tom?"

"Just what I say, my dear," her uncle replied. "All along the rim of that mighty and watery half-circle that swings around from the mouth of the St. Lawrence down the Mississippi to the tourist-traveled St. John of Florida, was fought, for nearly two hundred years, a struggle for possession and the dominant tongue that finally gave all these United States to the guardianship of England and, in time, to the starry flag of the great Republic."

"How did England do it?" asked Roger, proud of the Anglo-Saxon prowess.

"By their strength of will and Indian pudding," Uncle Tom replied.

"Indian pudding! Why, what do you mean by that?" Marian cried, thinking Uncle Tom's assertion decidedly queer.

"I mean, my dear," her uncle replied, "that the next time you boys and girls have your fried mush for breakfast, or your Indian pudding for desert, you must not fail to remember that you are devouring the two elements that gave the balance of power to the English-speaking race on the western Atlantic, and made you modern Americans — Indian corn and fresh water."

Even Bert looked puzzled at this declaration; but Christine suspected a story under it all, and, following her lead, all the company at once pressed Uncle Tom for his story, which must, they knew, be also an explanation. So, on the storied heights above Castine, rich with the memories of so many historic years, Uncle Tom gave his boys and girls his story of the fight for a language.

"You remember," he said, "how, as we sat last winter on the sea-wall close to the ramparts of the old fort at St. Augustine, I told you that Sidney Lanier once called the fight between Spain, France, and England for colonial possession here in America a regular crab-fight, don't you?"

"Yes," Bert replied. "I remember I jotted down his very words as you gave them. Ah! here

they are," he said, as he consulted his note-book: "'The only thing in nature which approaches these people in truculence is crabs. Bring one crab near another on shore; immediately they spit at each other and grapple.'"

"That 's it," Uncle Tom replied, with his customary nod; "and that is just what the three nations who first struggled for possession and dominion here in America did: they just spat at one another and grappled."

"That does n't sound a bit nice," was Marian's comment. "I like to think of those old hidalgos and chevaliers as being as picturesque and courteous as a Stanley Weyman hero. You feel it as you stand in the crooked sixteenth-century streets of Quebec; and I 'm sure, when we were in that charming old St. Augustine last winter, I should n't have been one bit surprised to run up against De Soto in his armor, or Ponce de Leon hunting for his spring, or even have that delightfully horrible Menendez stand politely aside, hat off and bowing low, to let me pass before him through the city gate."

"Yes," growled Jack, "and then knife you in the back for a blooming young Englander!"

"Don't speak of it!" cried Christine. "I think

they were all perfectly dreadful. Ever since Uncle Tom showed us, down there in Florida, that spot on Anastasia Island where the Spaniards slaughtered the French, and the bluff on the St. John where the French revenged themselves on the Spaniards, I 'm sure I don't think very much of knights and gentlemen and days of chivalry. I declare! I can't enjoy 'Ivanhoe' any more."

"Why not?" cried Jack. "Ivanhoe was an Anglo-Saxon. He did n't go around hacking people to pieces, and putting up sign-boards to tell why he did it, as Menendez and Gourgues did in Florida, or as D'Aulnay and La Tour did up in this region. The fact is, I don't believe colonization in America really began until the English took things in hand; did it, Uncle Tom?"

"And how about them — our English ancestors, I mean?" put in Bert. "They were n't exactly saints and angels, were they?"

"I can't honestly say they were, Bert," Uncle Tom confessed. "The whole Christian world seemed to have caught the mania for possession in those days, and especially for appropriating other people's finds. England was a quick second to Spain in this business. For while Spain — re-

member this, my Anglo-Saxon enthusiasts — was, from the days of Columbus, conceded to own all North America south of the Canadian border (Verrazano and the Cabots to the contrary notwithstanding), Jack is right in a measure; the real impulse to aggressive occupation and colonization was really English, and was due to a boy, a sailor, and a virgin queen."

Jack stopped short in his "Hurrah for our side!" to put on his thinking-cap with the rest of the party.

"A boy, a sailor, and a virgin queen," Marian repeated. "Now, who were they, Uncle Tom?"

"The virgin queen," said Bert, the scholar, "was surely Queen Elizabeth. But the boy and the sailor corner me! Who were they, Uncle Tom?"

"The boy was the brother of the virgin queen," Uncle Tom explained. "He died King of England at sixteen, but — "

"Edward VI?" queried Bert.

"Yes; the sad little son of Henry VIII," Uncle Tom assented; "best known as a boy with weak lungs and good intentions, who kept a diary and died — "

"—and died," Uncle Tom went on, ignoring

what Marian called "Jack's foolishness" (at which they all laughed, nevertheless), "before he really had a chance to show what the son of his father could do. But he did accomplish two things—the introduction of the English prayer-book, and the formation of the famous Company of Merchant Adventurers. This was a real-estate trust or syndicate whose successors and descendants were the later English colonists of America. And young King Edward's chief desire was to 'down Spain.'"

"Good for the boy!" cried Jack. "He had spunk, even if his lungs were weak. Why did n't he come over here to the pine-lands, or at least go to Florida, and get well?"

"Why, just then, Jack," replied Uncle Tom, "the Maine woods were almost unknown; and as for Florida—well, that was n't a healthful climate, even for strong-lunged Englishmen. For, down in the Gulf of Mexico, the English sailor I mentioned had, about that time, a notable sea-fight with the Spaniards. He was the famous Captain John Hawkins. Spanish perfidy cornered and captured half of his fleet; the prisoners were sent to the tortures of the Inquisition, and so fierce a hatred of Spain was thus raised in English hearts

that not even the glorious defeat of the Spanish Armada was esteemed a sufficient revenge. That hatred determined Queen Elizabeth to make North America English, and kept the English to their purpose until, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, America was Anglo-Saxon."

"Hear! hear!" cried Jack and Roger, with enthusiasm. "Three cheers for Good Queen Bess!"

"A woman, boys and girls, you notice," said Uncle Tom, whereupon Marian and Christine clapped their hands in approval; "and the first ruler to send armed aid to the afflicted and oppressed, under a proclamation declared by some enthusiasts to be worthy a place beside the Declaration of Independence. It was a paper, too, let us remember, that bore fruit three hundred years later, and sent armed Americans bearing aid and independence to the afflicted and oppressed victims of Spanish tyranny in the very colonies in America which Elizabeth's valiant sea-captain had sought to wrest from Spain."

"Then, really, Uncle Tom," said Bert, "it was a case of 'strained relations' from the very first, was n't it?"

"It certainly was, Bert," his uncle responded. "But then, relations were strained between all the

European peoples who sailed land-hunting across the Western seas. The 'crab-fight,' as Sidney Lanier called it, began from the very start, as, following the discoveries of Columbus and his successors, Spaniards, Frenchmen, and Englishmen, from Maine to Florida, grappled and fought for the possession of a continent."

"But where does the Indian pudding come in?" queried Jack, reverting to his uncle's puzzling statement.

"That 's true," said Bert. "You said Indian corn and fresh water gave the balance of power here to the English. How so?"

Uncle Tom smiled. "That 's where the Frenchmen come in," he replied. "For, as surely as lack of gold drove the disappointed Spaniards from the lands De Soto sought to conquer along the Gulf, so surely did the abundance of Indian corn and fresh water give the English the mastery, and force the Frenchmen first into and then out of Canada."

"I don't see how," persisted Bert.

"Carry the map of North America, especially of these United States, in your eye, Bert," Uncle Tom replied. "You are surely, all of you, good enough geography scholars for that. From the

EDWARD VI

moment you sail into the mouth of the St. Lawrence you can go by water all the way to Duluth. In that marvelous chain of five great lakes and a mighty river you are traversing three quarters of all the fresh water on the globe. From Lake Superior to the sources of the Mississippi, expert canoeists — like you boys — can actually go by water, thus entering the greatest river system of the world; for that wonderful river has more navigable tributaries than any other river on the globe, excepting, perhaps, the Amazon. The Great Lakes on the north, the Mississippi on the west — there you have your fresh water, for the control of which France and England struggled for centuries, and which fell finally to the might of England and her colonists, thanks to Indian corn."

"That is very puzzling, Uncle Tom," cried Marian. "How did Indian corn do it?"

"Indian corn," said Uncle Tom, "was the staple grain of the English settlers, just as it had been of the Indian owners of the soil. It was easily planted, easily raised, and easily harvested; it grew more plentifully than any other grain; the stalks were good for forage; the corn readily ground into meal. Indian corn meant bread and

strength and life to the early colonists; it flourished where their home grains would take root but slowly, and it grew to any advantage only south of the great fresh-water boundaries; so, indeed, it is not too much to say that but for the sustaining qualities of Indian corn the English-speaking race would not so readily, if at all, have secured footing upon and possession of these United States."

"How about tobacco, Uncle Tom?" Roger inquired.

"Tobacco was a factor in development, Roger, and a vast one," Uncle Tom replied; "but it was not a 'race-maker,' as was Indian corn. It was the foundation of American commerce, the basis of agriculture south of the Potomac, and the profits from its sale largely gave the means that made the American Revolution possible and successful. But it was one reason, too, for the introduction and continuance of slavery in the southern section, and brought in a new race — a disturbing element that still remains to perplex us, even though Abraham Lincoln lived and died. So, you see, tobacco was but a mixed blessing, whereas Indian corn was our mainstay and salvation."

"Even as it is to-day, eh, Uncle Tom?" said Bert.

"Even as it is to-day," his uncle replied. "Again and again has the corn crop of America averted 'panics' and brought back 'good times.' The 'thirty-six goodly ears of corn, some yellow and some red,' that the Provincetown Pilgrims first dug up near Truro, on the cape, have grown into an American crop of two billions of bushels in this very year of plenteous harvests, adding strength and riches to an expanding republic."

"And you say it helped us expand in the old days, too, Uncle Tom?" said Bert. "But how?"

"By the brain and brawn it gave to our ancestors, Bert," answered Uncle Tom. "It sustained life when they landed, helped them to remain in the days of uncertain settlement, gave them strength as they slowly grew, and made them so hardy and stout of arm that none could long successfully resist them — Spaniards, Frenchmen, Englishmen, or even the corn-fed Red Indians themselves."

"Hurrah for Indian corn!" cried Jack.

"Let 's vote for it as the national flower, tassel and all," echoed Marian.

"Then I suppose," said Bert, "that when you

call this story of English supremacy the struggle for a language, you mean that the success of the English colonists made North America English in speech and customs."

"Oh, but it is n't, you know!" cried Roger. "Don't you remember how one could hardly get a thing in Quebec until Marian tried her French on 'em? And I 'm sure New Orleans was very Frenchy, and Florida just leaks Spanish."

"So I can find you sections of New York, Roger, where your English would not serve you, and even Marian's French would n't help her out," said Uncle Tom. "The Scandinavians of the Northwest, the Italians of the East, and all other non-English folk are among these exceptions. But they will all speak English in time, when, gradually, but surely, the foreign elements shall have merged into the one imperial citizen,— the American,— and the struggle for a language shall have ended in utter and absorbing victory."

"It seems hard, though, does n't it," said Bert, "that the French should have lost all this country when they had it first?"

"The French!" cried Jack. "What 's the matter with the Spaniards? The dons were here first of all."

TROUBLED TIMES IN THE COLONIES

"Yes; but they don't count," Bert replied. "They did n't stick, north of the gold line, and the French held on to the last. Is n't that so, Uncle Tom?"

"Quite correct, Bert," his uncle replied. "Spain virtually retired early in the struggle, although the Spanish-American problem was long unsettled, and the border strife along the Florida line kept up from De Soto to Andrew Jackson, in which Oglethorpe, the soldier-philanthropist, played his prominent part."

"I guess that 's settled, about now," said Jack. "Hurrah for Dewey and Sampson!"

"And hurrah for Anglo-Saxon energy, tenacity, and valor, which, thanks to the strength-giving virtues of Indian corn, and also to the aid of fresh water, struggled on until Frenchman and Indian were alike forced to the rear, and America became English in speech and independent in government. Champlain and Frontenac had the valor but not the organizing force of Winthrop; Duquesne was no match for Washington, nor was Montcalm for Wolfe. So Canada fell, and from the day when, on the Plains of Abraham, Wolfe murmured, 'I die content,' America was to have one common language, and shelter its vast pos-

sessions beneath the protecting folds of the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes."

"And some of that world-struggle began right here, did n't it, Uncle Tom?" Bert inquired, as they looked across the Bagaduce and down the broad sweep of the splendid bay.

"Here and hereabout," Uncle Tom replied. "Here, along the Maine coast, from Cape Porpoise to Passamaquoddy, stretched Norumbega, the earliest bone of contention between England and France in America. The cliffs of Monhegan, forest-crowned even to this day, were the early rendezvous for English ships; near or on the mainland, where, as you know, we saw the remains of its ancient street, stood Pemaquid, the oldest of Maine towns, and farther to the eastward lay Mount Desert, which Champlain discovered, and where Argall raided the French settlements. In fact, all this Maine coast is a stirring story-land of valor and daring, adventure and action, rivalry and feud, offense and defense, where for years was waged the fight for a language that made America first English, and finally and forever American."

OLD DUTCH TIMES IN NEW YORK

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

THERE was once an English sailor, named Henry Hudson, who made some very daring voyages. The European nations were trying hard to find a short passage to India, either by passing north of Europe, or by finding some opening through the new continent of America. Henry Hudson had made two voyages for this purpose, in the employ of English companies. Twice he had sailed among the icebergs and through the terrible cold, as far as Spitzbergen; and twice he had turned back because he could get no farther. But he was still as resolute and adventurous as ever; always ready for something new; ready to brave the arctic cold or the tropic heat, if he could only find that passage to

India, which so many had sought in vain. At last, on the fourth of April, 1609, the Dutch East India Company sent him out once more to seek a passage to India. The Dutch at that time were the

OLD PICTURE OF "NEW AMSTERDAM," NOW NEW YORK

great commercial nation of the world, and Amsterdam was the center of the commerce of Europe. There was not a forest of ship-timber in Holland, but it owned more ships than all Europe beside.

Henry Hudson's vessel was named *The Half-Moon*. He had a crew of twenty Englishmen and Dutchmen, and his own son was among them.

First he sailed north, as he had done before, trying to reach Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla; but he found icebergs everywhere, and his men almost mutinied because of the cold. Then he resolved to sail farther westward; he passed near Greenland, then southward to Newfoundland, then to Cape Cod; then as far south as Virginia; then he turned northward again, observing the shore more closely, and found himself at the mouth of what seemed to him a broad strait or river. On September 3, 1609, he anchored near Sandy Hook. There the Indians came out to trade with him, and after a few days he set sail again, and penetrated farther and farther, thinking he had found the passage to India at last.

It must have been an exciting thing to sail with Henry Hudson up that noble river, where no white man had ever sailed before. He said in his narrative that the lands on both sides were "pleasant with grass and flowers and goodly trees." "It is as beautiful a land as one can tread upon, he declared, "and abounds in all kinds of excellent ship-timber." The Indians came out to meet him in canoes "made of single hollowed trees," but he would not let them come on board at first, because one of them had killed one of his sailors with an

arrow. After awhile, the Dutchmen put more confidence in the Indians, and let them bring grapes and pumpkins and furs to the vessel. These were paid for with beads, knives, and hatchets. At the last the Indians invited the bold sea-captain to visit them on shore, and made him very welcome, and one of their chiefs "made an oration, and showed him all the country round about." Henry Hudson sailed up as far as where the town of Hudson now stands, and there, finding it too shallow for his vessel, sent a boat farther still,—as far as what is now Albany. Then he turned back, disappointed, and sailed out of the "great river," or "Groot Rivier," as he called it, and went back to Holland.

He never saw that beautiful river again. The Dutch East India Company did not care to explore it, since it did not lead to India; and Hudson, on his next voyage, went to the northern seas, hoping to find the passage to India that way. He entered the bay that now bears his name, and there his men mutinied, tied him hand and foot, put him on board a boat with his son and a few companions among the floating ice, and set him adrift. Nothing more was ever heard of him. But to this day, some of the descendants of old

NEW YORK IN 1673

Dutch families on the Hudson River tell legends of the daring navigator who first explored it, and when the thunder rolls away over the Highlands, they say, "There are Henry Hudson and his crew playing ninepins among the hills."

In a few years, trading-posts began to be established on the Hudson River. King James I of England had lately chartered two companies for the purpose of colonizing North America. One was to take the northern part of the Atlantic coast, and the other the southern half; but he required that their nearest settlements should be a hundred miles apart, so that there should be no quarreling between them. It did not occur to him that if he left this wide space open, some other nation might slip in between and found colonies of its own, so that there might be quarreling after all. Yet this was just what happened. After Henry Hudson's discoveries, Holland laid claim to all the land along the "great river," and called the whole territory "New Netherlands"; and the Dutch began to come to that region and trade with the Indians. Then, in 1614, there came a bold sailor, named Adrian Block, the first European who ever sailed through Hurlgate, and as far as Block Island, which was named after

him. He loaded his ship—the *Tiger*—with bear-skins, at the mouth of the Hudson, and was just ready to sail, when his ship caught fire, and he had to land on Manhattan Island, where New York now stands. There his men spent the winter. They put up some log huts and a fort of logs; and before spring, they built a new vessel of sixteen tons, called the *Onrust*, or *Unrest,* a very good name for the restless navigators of those days. This was the first vessel built on this continent by Europeans. This settlement, which was called "New Amsterdam," was the foundation of what is now the great city of New York, and ten years after that the whole of Manhattan Island was bought from the Indians for twenty-four dollars.

Settlers at first came slowly to New Amsterdam; but the Dutch established several trading-posts, at different points, where they might buy the skins of beavers, bears, and otters, which the Indians had trapped or shot. At first only poor immigrants came, but after awhile certain richer and more influential men were sent out, with special privileges from the Dutch East India Company. Each of these had authority to found a colony of fifty persons, and to own a tract of

land sixteen miles in length, bordering on any stream whose shores were not yet occupied, and running back as far as he pleased into the interior. He was required to pay the Indians for their land, and to establish his colony within four years. He could exercise authority on his own "manor," as it was called, without regard to the colonial government. But he could not engage in the woolen or cotton manufacture, because that was a monopoly of the Dutch East India Company; and this company also agreed to supply the manors with negro slaves, whom they imported from Guinea. These great proprietors were called "Patroons."

This was a very different system from the simple way in which New England had been colonized, where all men were equal before the law, and each man had a voice in the government. The Dutch and English settlers did not agree very well, especially when both nations had begun to explore the Connecticut valley, and both wished to secure possession of it. The Englishmen thought that the Dutchmen had no business on the continent at all, and that they certainly had no claim to the Connecticut valley. On the other hand the Dutchmen said that they had ascended

the Connecticut River first, and that their eastern boundary was the cape now called Cape Cod. Then the Englishmen charged the Dutchmen with exciting the Indians against them; and on the other hand the Dutchmen said that the English settlers were apt to get the better of them in making bargains. So the colony of New Netherlands got into more and more trouble with these active and sharp-witted neighbors; and, besides that, the Indians were very troublesome; and there was also a standing quarrel with the Swedish settlers in Delaware; so that, on the whole, the Dutchmen had not so peaceful a time as they might have desired.

If we could have visited a Puritan village in Massachusetts during those early days, and then could have sailed in a trading-vessel to New Amsterdam, we should have found ourselves in quite a different community from that we had left behind. The very look of the houses and streets would have seemed strange. To be sure, the very first settlers in both colonies had to build their cabins somewhat alike; with walls of earth or logs, and thatched roofs, and chimneys made of small sticks of wood, set crosswise and smeared with clay. But when they began to build more

permanent houses, the difference was very plain. The houses in New Amsterdam were of wood, with gable-ends built of small black and yellow

DUTCH HOUSE, ALBANY

bricks, brought over from Holland. Each house had many doors and windows; and the date when it was built was often marked in iron letters on the front. The roof usually bore a weather-cock, and sometimes many. Within, the floors were

covered with white sand, on which many neat figures were traced with a broom. The houses were kept very clean, inside and out; as clean as they still are in Holland, where you may see the neat housekeepers scrubbing their door-steps, even when the rain is pouring down upon their heads. The furniture in these houses was plain and solid: heavy claw-footed chairs, polished mahogany tables, and cupboards full of old silver and china. Clocks and watches were rare, and time was told by hour-glasses and sun-dials. There were great open fireplaces, set round with figured tiles of different colors and patterns, commonly representing Scriptural subjects — the Ark, the Prodigal Son, and the Children of Israel passing through the Red Sea. In the evening pine-knots were burned for light, or home-made tallow candles. Every house had two or more spinning-wheels; and a huge oaken chest held the household linen, all of which had been spun upon these wheels by the women of the family.

Many of the citizens had also country-houses, called "boweries," with porches or "stoeps," on which the men could sit and smoke their pipes. For the Dutch colonists did not work so hard as those in New England; they moved about more

slowly, and took more leisure, and amused themselves more, in a quiet way. They were not gay and light-hearted and fond of dancing, like the French settlers in Canada; but they liked plenty of good eating and drinking, and telling stories, and hearty laughter, and playing at "bowls" on a smooth grass-plot. It was the Dutch who introduced various festivals that have been preserved ever since in America; such as "Santa Claus," or "St. Nicholas," at Christmas-time, colored eggs at Easter, and the practice of New Year's visiting.

They kept very early hours, dining at eleven or twelve, and often going to bed at sunset. Yet an early Swedish traveler describes them as sitting on the "stoeps" before their houses, on moonlight evenings, and greeting the passers-by, who, in return, were "obliged to greet everybody," he says, "unless they would shock the general politeness of the town." He also says that the Dutch people in Albany used to breakfast on tea, without milk, sweetened by holding a lump of sugar in the mouth; and that they dined on buttermilk and bread, "and if to that they added a piece of sugar, it was called delicious." But the Dutch housekeepers of New Amsterdam had a great reputa-

tion for cookery, and especially for a great variety of nice cakes, such as doughnuts, "olykoeks," and crullers.

The people of New Netherlands were not quite so fond of church-going as those who had settled

A DUTCH FARM-HOUSE, OR "BOWERIE"

Plymouth and Salem, but they were steady in the support of public worship, and had a great respect for their ministers, whom they called "dominies." Sometimes the dominies had to receive their salaries in beaver-skins or wampum when money was scarce. The dominie of Albany had one hundred and fifty beaver-skins a year.

As for the dress of these early colonists, the women used to wear close white muslin caps, beneath which their hair was put back with pomatum; and they wore a great many short

DWELLING-HOUSE IN NEW AMSTERDAM

and gaily-colored petticoats, with blue, red, or green stockings of their own knitting, and high-heeled shoes. The men had broad-skirted coats of linsey-woolsey, with large buttons of brass or silver; they wore several pairs of knee-breeches, one over another, with long stockings, and with great buckles at the knees and on the shoes, and their hair was worn long and put up in an eelskin queue. As to their employments, the people of New Amsterdam used to

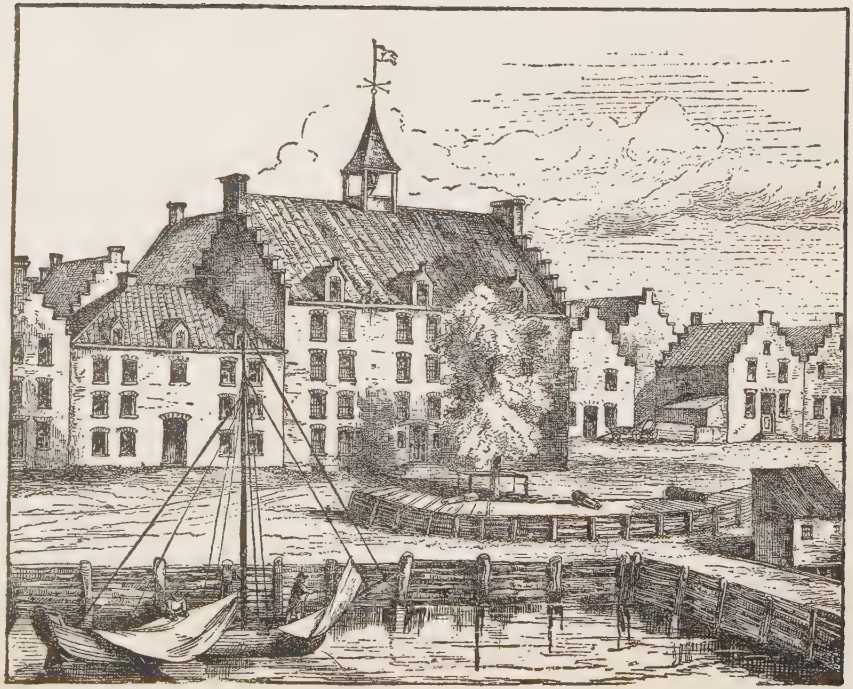
trade with the West Indies and with Europe, exporting timber, and staves, tar, tobacco, and furs. They used to build their own ships for this commerce, giving them high-sounding names, such as *Queen Esther, King Solomon,* and the *Angel Gabriel.*

One of the Dutch governors, named William Kieft, used to be called "William the Testy," from his hot temper, and he kept the colony in a great deal of trouble, especially through his cruelty to the Indians, who injured the settlers very much in return. Governor Kieft was very much displeased at the colonies sent from Massachusetts into the Connecticut valley, for he wished to see that region settled from New Amsterdam only. So he issued a proclamation against the New England men. But they, instead of paying the least attention to it, attacked the Dutch fort at Hartford, and drove the garrison away. They also took possession of the eastern part of Long Island; threw down the coat-of-arms of Holland, which had been set up there, and put a "fool's head" in its place. This failure, and the severity of Kieft's government, made him very unpopular; and the people were very glad when, in 1647, Peter Stuyvesant was appointed in his stead.

Governor Stuyvesant was a brave and honest man, but was so obstinate that he was often called "Hardkoppig Piet," or "Headstrong Peter." Sometimes he was called "Old Silverleg," because he had lost a leg in war, and used to stump about on a wooden leg, ornamented with strips of silver. Under his government the colony was well defended, for a time, against Indians, Swedes, and Englishmen. The trouble was that he was quite despotic, and was disposed to let the people have as little as possible to do with the government. They did not feel that they had as much freedom as those who lived in the other colonies, and they were not so ready to fight for their patroons and for the East India Company as were the English colonists to fight for their own homesteads. Then the English settlers increased very fast in wealth and numbers; and the Dutchmen rather envied them, even while quarreling with them. At last, in 1664, an English fleet, with many recruits from New England on board, appeared before New Amsterdam; and very soon the town was surrendered to the English by the general wish of the inhabitants, though quite against the will of "Headstrong Peter." He tore in pieces the letter from the English com-

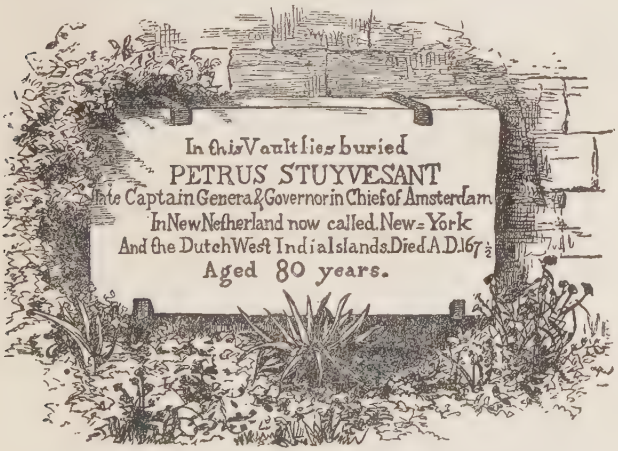
modore requiring the surrender; but the people made him put it together again, and accept the terms offered. From that time forth, except for one short interval of time, the English held possession of New Netherlands.

The name of the colony was then changed to New York, in honor of the king's brother, the Duke of York, to whom King Charles II gave the province. That part of New Netherlands south of the Hudson was, however, made into a separate province, under the name of New Jersey. The Duke of York allowed his province to hold an assembly, that the people might make their own laws; and, in 1683, they obtained a charter for themselves, much like those of the colonies farther east. When the duke became king, under the name of James II, he tried to take away this charter, but never succeeded. New York remained an English province, and lost some of its Dutch peculiarities; but some of these traits lingered for a good many years, and Dutch was long the prevailing language. There were still Dutch schools, where English was taught only as an accomplishment; but there was no college till King's College — now Columbia — was founded in 1764. After the English had taken possession, a great



THE NEW YORK "STADT HUYS," OR STATE HOUSE, IN 1679, CORNER OF PEARL STREET AND COENTIES SLIP

many immigrants came to New York, though not so many as to Philadelphia; and these newcomers represented many different nations. But Holland itself had long been the abode of men from a great many nations, both because of its commercial prosperity and from its offering an asylum to those persecuted for their religion. So there had been an unusual variety of people in New Amsterdam from its first settlement; and it is said that eighteen languages were already spoken there when it was transferred to the English. Thus New York seemed marked out from the very beginning for a cosmopolitan city — for the home of people from all parts of the globe.


In this Vault lies buried
PETRUS STUYVESANT
late Captain General & Governor in Chief of Amsterdam
In New Netherland now called New-York
And the Dutch West India Islands. Died A.D. 167½
Aged 80 years.

GRAVE OF PETER STUYVESANT, ST. MARK'S CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY

AN EARLY AMERICAN REBELLION

BY F. N. DOUBLEDAY

THE event I want to tell you about took place more than two hundred years ago, and it was exactly one hundred years before the Declaration of Independence was framed at Philadelphia—which makes the date 1676 an easy one to remember. If you will recollect this date and the story of Bacon's Rebellion, you will have learned of one of the most important and interesting occurrences in the history of our early colonies. The affair was of so much consequence that I should think every American would be familiar with the story; but if you will ask some of the older people what it was all about, they will very likely answer that they "used to know, but somehow have forgotten," and they "have not studied United States history for so long a time, you know"—or in other words of that kind.

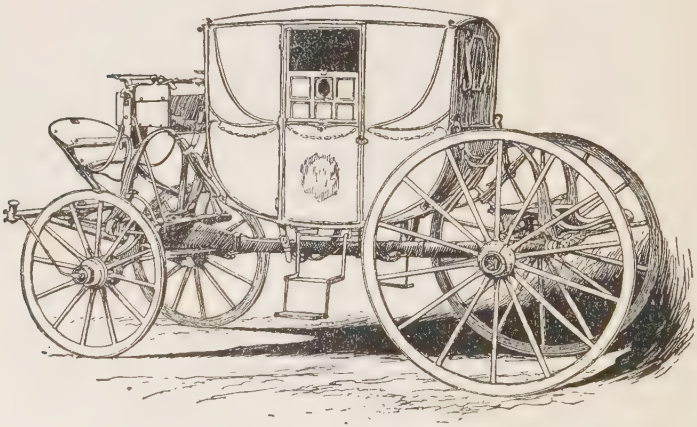
All that now remains of old Jamestown, the first settlement made by the English under the

famous Captain John Smith, is an old stone wall which once formed a side of the first church in Virginia, where the people assembled from all the country around to worship as their custom had been in England.

At the time of which we write, Jamestown was quite a colony; the people had built for themselves comfortable houses; the ground they cultivated yielded them good crops of tobacco, much of which they sent to England, where it was just beginning to be considered a great luxury. They received a good price for their commodities, and they would have got along very well if they had not happened to have a very unsatisfactory government, which taxed their lands heavily and interfered greatly with their liberty.

The governor of Virginia at this time was Sir William Berkeley, who had been appointed to the post by his king, Charles II of England. Sir William was not a popular officer; he was grand and dignified; he felt himself to be above the common people. He lived in Jamestown, a short distance above the James River, in a big house, which was filled with servants and attendants. In everything he did he sought to make a great show and to appear very grand. When he rode about,

he went in a ponderous great coach; nothing in Virginia had ever been seen like it, and by the simple planters it was regarded with awe. He could afford to cut such a fine figure and to keep up such style, because he was very rich, and made



A FAMILY COACH OF COLONIAL DAYS

a great deal of money from the Indians, to whom he sold gunpowder; and as he was the only one allowed to trade in that dangerous commodity, you may be sure his profits were enormous.

To disturb such good customers as the Indians was far from his intention. Although the savages often attacked the settlers, and carried off cattle and sheep whenever they had a chance,—

and they took care to make a good many chances, — the governor would not seriously attack them, and issued a mandate forbidding any company of settlers to do so.

Among the owners of plantations was a young man of good family, named Nathaniel Bacon. He was warm-hearted and generous; the sufferings of his neighbors had awakened his sympathies, and he determined to make some effort to lessen their troubles. Although only thirty years old, the settlers must have had great confidence in him, for they had already elected him to a seat in the governor's council.

When, therefore, this man called his neighbors together and said that, whether the governor liked it or not, he meant to go out against the Indians with whosoever would follow him, four hundred men immediately placed themselves under his command.

The company started; but they had not gone far when a messenger came up with them, and, in the name of the governor, denounced all those as rebels who should not return immediately to their houses and abandon the expedition.

Now in those days, to be known as a rebel was a very serious matter. It meant that the person

thus entitled would be the victim of any abuse the people might choose to heap on him, and not only would he be made the object of taunts and jeers, but if the governor and his council should so decree, his property, of whatever kind, might be taken from him. Among so many difficulties the "rebel" would be in a sorry plight indeed.

None understood better than Bacon's men the danger they ran in disobeying Sir William's command; and, although all the four hundred were attached to their young leader, only fifty-seven had the courage to stick by him. But those who were left were brave and determined men; they had started out to drive off the Indians who had robbed them and slain their friends, and they would finish the undertaking.

The little band now pressed forward into the wilderness, confident of soon coming on the savages and striking a quick and decisive blow. But they learned, as many have learned since, that one of the most difficult parts of Indian warfare is to find the Indians. For days they wandered about, keeping up an earnest but fruitless search. Then a new trouble appeared: their supply of food ran low; starvation looked them in the face; it seemed for a time that nothing remained to do but to re-

RUINS OF THE OLD CHURCH TOWER, JAMESTOWN

turn in humility to Jamestown and submit to what punishment the governor might be pleased to inflict.

Bacon's pluck, however, never failed. He sought to encourage his men by cheering words to push on till food could be obtained from some friendly tribe. It was in this, their darkest hour, when all were disheartened, that they suddenly came upon the hostile Indians. The spirits of the little band of white men rallied instantly. Now was the time to show that it was not safe to rob and kill the English settlers. Before the savages had time to prepare, an attack was made on their stronghold. For a time the fight was fierce; but quickly the Indians wavered, deserted their defense, and fled into the thick woods. The victory was complete, although the red men numbered three times as many as the little company of half-famished settlers.

Bacon hurried back to Jamestown. He was satisfied that, for a while at least, no trouble was to be feared from their old tormentors. The news had gone before him, and the people received the brave leader and his men with every show of joy and esteem; they insisted that, in spite of his being a "rebel," he should again oc-

cupy in the council the seat to which they had elected him.

Of course, Bacon's triumph over the Indians did not add to Berkeley's regard for him. But the governor was shrewd enough to see that this was no time to inflict punishment; so, after the young man had asked forgiveness for going against the Indians without permission, he no doubt thought it a great condescension when, a few days later, the governor accosted him in the Council-room, saying, with a great deal of affected sorrow: "Mr. Bacon, if you will live civilly but until next quarter court, I will promise to return you to your place there," and he pointed to Bacon's empty seat.

The quiet that now reigned in Jamestown did not last long; for soon the cry went around the country: "Bacon is fled!" "Bacon is fled!" and tumult and uncertainty ensued. The forgiven rebel had doubted the governor's sincerity, and had fled for safety. Moreover, he was dissatisfied, and wished to have a right to go against the foes of the colony whenever he might think proper. So, once more he gathered his friends around him, and within a few days he returned to Jamestown, which he entered without resistance,

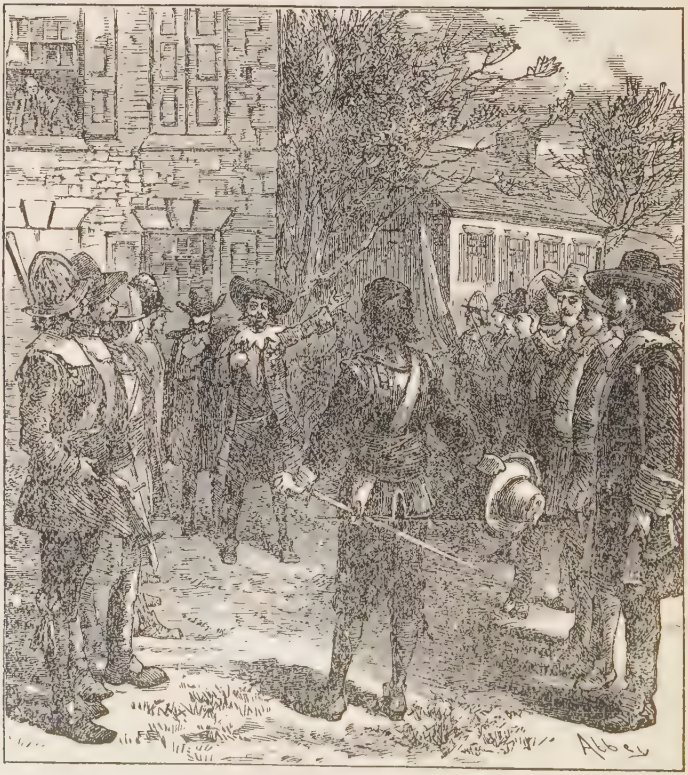
accompanied by five hundred armed men. All was confusion in the settlement; no one in authority dared to act.

Bacon issued an order commanding the members of the council to appear before him, and while he waited he walked excitedly along a line of troops drawn up to receive the expected councilmen. Of a sudden, some one forced a way through the crowd, and made toward the young leader. It was Governor Berkeley, pale and agitated. Scarcely knowing what he did, he thrust himself before Bacon, and baring his breast, cried: "Here! Shoot me! 'Fore God, fair mark! Shoot!"

Bacon stepped back, resting one hand on his sheathed sword, and respectfully holding his hat in the other. Simply, and with cold politeness, he said to the frantic governor: "No; may it please your honor, we will not hurt a hair of your head. We have come for a commission to save our lives from the Indians, and," he added, with less calmness, "we shall have it before we go."

Sir William said nothing, but turned and walked away. The next day Bacon received his commission, granting him the right to go against the Indians whenever he might choose.

But their strife did not end here. When Bacon next attacked the savages, the governor denounced him again as a traitor; and when Bacon heard of it, he replied: "We will go see why he calls us traitors"; to which his men all shouted,



"'HERE! SHOOT ME!'"

"Amen!" But when Berkeley found that the man he had called a traitor was coming back to Jamestown, he fled, and tried to rally a few followers to support him against his enemy. These friends having come together, as soon as he began to speak, cried: "Bacon! Bacon! Bacon!" and refused to listen. All this and a great deal more is related in the full history of Jamestown.

When the troops arrived, the governor was nowhere to be found, for he had sailed down the James River, to be out of harm's way. In a tumult of excitement and rage the men set fire to the houses; and from the deck of his ship the craven governor looked on helplessly at the destruction of what to him had been a little kingdom. It took but a few hours to completely destroy the little settlement; the people then dispersed, and in process of time built new houses for themselves among the surrounding plantations. It was, perhaps, on the whole, well that Jamestown was destroyed; for the place was very unhealthful.

In this expedition Bacon brought on a serious illness by exposure and fatigue; he rapidly became worse, and soon died. He was deeply mourned by the people, for during his short life

he had been a faithful friend and protector to them.

Governor Berkeley stayed in America several years after this, and when he was recalled home, in dishonor, he was a feeble old man, and he did not long survive his disgrace. This old Jamestown, the first English settlement in America, was never rebuilt, and the church wall, covered now with vines a century old, is all that remains to mark the spot where once so much that was stirring and interesting took place.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S GRANDMOTHER'S CHRISTMAS CANDLE

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

THERE were no Christmas celebrations in my old Puritan home in Swanzey, such as we have in all New England homes to-day. No church bells rung out in the darkening December air; there were no children's carols learned in Sunday-schools; no presents, and not even a sprig of box, ivy, or pine in any window. Yet there was one curious custom in the old town that made Christmas Eve in many homes the merriest in the year.

It was the burning of the Christmas candle; and of this old, forgotten custom of provincial towns I have an odd story to tell.

The Christmas candle? You may never have heard of it. You may fancy that it was some beautiful image in wax or like an altar-light. This was not the case. It was a candle contain-

ing a quill filled with gunpowder, and its burning excited an intense interest while we waited for the expected explosion.

I well remember Dipping Candle Day; it was a very interesting day to me in my boyhood, because it was then that the Christmas candle was dipped.

It usually came in the fall, in the short lonesome days of November, just before the new schoolmaster opened the winter term of the school.

My grandmother brought down from the garret her candle-rods and poles. The candle-rods were light sticks of elder, some fifty in number, and the poles were long pine bars. These poles were tied two each to two chairs, and the rods, after they had been wicked, were laid upon them at short distances apart.

Wicking the candle-rods is a term of which few people to-day know the meaning. Every country store in old times contained a large supply of balls of cotton candle-wick. This wick was to be cut, put upon the candle-rods, twisted, and tallowed or waxed, so as to be convenient for dipping.

How many times have I seen my grandmother, on the long November evenings, wicking her can-

dle-rods! She used to do the work, sitting in her easy-chair before the great open fire. One side of the fireplace was usually hung with strings of dried or partly dried apples, and the other with strings of red peppers. Over the fireplace were a gun and the almanac; and on the hearth there were usually, in the evening, a few sweet apples roasting; and at one end of it was the dog, and at the other the cat.

Dipping candles would seem a comical sight to-day. My grandmother used to sit over a great iron kettle of melted tallow, and patiently dip the wicks on the rods into it, until they grew to the size of candles. Each rod contained about five wicks, and these were dipped together. The process was repeated perhaps fifty or more times.

A quill of powder was tied to the wick of the Christmas candle before dipping, and the wick was so divided at the lower end that the candle should have three legs. The young people took a great interest in the dipping as well as the burning of the Christmas candle.

My grandmother's candle-rods had belonged to her grandmother, who had lived in the early days of the Plymouth Colony. They had been used since the days of King Philip's war.

There was a story of the dark times of the Indian war that my grandmother used to relate on the night that we burned our Christmas candle; a story that my grandmother told of her grandmother, and of the fortunate and timely explosion of one of that old lady's Christmas candles in the last days of Philip's war, when the sight of a hostile Indian was a terror to the unarmed colonist.

"It was well that candle went off when it did," my grandmother used to say. "If it had not, I don't know where any of us would have been tonight; not here, telling riddles and roasting apples and enjoying ourselves, I imagine. I have dipped a powder-candle every season since, not that I believe much in keeping holidays, but because a powder-candle once saved the family."

She continued her story:

"My grandmother was a widow in her last years. She had two children, Benjamin and my mother, Mary. She lived at Pocassett, and the old house overlooked Mount Hope and the bay. Pocassett was an Indian province then, and its Indian queen was named Wetamoo.

"My grandmother was a great-hearted woman. She had a fair amount of property, and she used it for the good of her less fortunate neigh-

bors. She had kept several poor old people from the town-house by giving them a home with her. Her good deeds caused her to be respected by every one.

"The Indians were friendly to her. She had done them so many acts of kindness that even the haughty Wetamoo had once called to see her and made her a present. The old house was near an easy landing-place for boats on the bay; and the Indians, as they came from their canoes, passed through the yard, and often stopped to drink from the well. It was no uncommon thing, on a hot summer's day, to find an Indian asleep in the street or under the door-yard trees.

"Among the great men of the tribe was an Indian named Squammaney; Warmmesley he was sometimes called—also Warmmesley-Squammaney. He was a giant in form, but his greatness among his people arose from his supposed magical power and his vigorous voice. It was believed that he could whoop and bellow so loud and long as to frighten away evil spirits from the sick, so that the patient would recover. All the Indians regarded old Squammaney with fear and awe, and he was very proud of his influence over them.

"When an Indian fell sick, Warmmesley-

Squammaney was called to the bedside. If old Warmmesley could not drive the evil spirits away, the patient believed that he must die.

"Squammaney did his supposed duty in such cases. He was a faithful doctor. He covered himself with dried skins, shells, and feathers, and approached the hut of the patient with as mysterious and lofty an air as one of the old-time physicians of the gig and saddle-bags. As he drew near the hut, he would rattle the dried skins and howl. He would look cautiously into the hut, then run away from it a little distance, leap into the air, and howl. Then he would cautiously return, and if the case were a bad one, he would again run away, leap into the air, and howl. At last he would enter the hut, examine the sick man or woman, and utter mysterious cries. He would fix the mind of the sufferer entirely upon himself by a kind of mesmeric influence; then he would begin to move in a circle around the patient, shaking the dried skins and beads, bobbing his plumes, and chanting an Indian ditty. Gradually his movements would become more swift; he would howl and leap, his voice rising higher at every bound; he would continue this performance until

he fell down all in a heap, like a tent of dried skins. But by this time the mind of the patient was usually so withdrawn from his sufferings as to quite forget them; and consequently it often happened that the invalid and old Warmmesley-Squammaney rose up together, and indulged in hand-shaking, thus concluding an exhibition of some of the remarkable effects of mesmeric influence, which were possible in those old times as well as now.

"In his peculiar way, old Warmmesley once cured of rheumatism a Puritan deacon who rewarded him by calling him a 'pagan.' The deacon had been confined to his room for weeks. Some Indians called to see him, and, pitying his condition, set off in great haste for Warmmesley. The latter came, in his dried skins, with his head bristling with horns and feathers. The astonished deacon forgot his infirmities at the first sight of the terrible object; and as soon as Warmmesley began to leap and howl, and shake his beads, shells, and dried skins, the white man leaped from his bed, and, running to the barn, knelt down and began to pray. There his wife found him.

"'It is old Warmmesley,' said she.

"'The old pagan!' said he, rising up. 'What was it, Ruth, that was the matter with me?'

"My grandmother had caught the spirit of Eliot, the Indian apostle, and she used to hold in the old kitchen a religious meeting, each week, for the instruction of the 'praying Indians' of the town. The Indians who became Christians were called 'praying Indians' by their own people, and came to be so called by the English. Among the Indians who came out of curiosity, was the beautiful Princess Amie, the youngest daughter of the great chief Massasoit, who protected Plymouth Colony for nearly forty years.

"Warmmesley came once to my grandmother's meetings, and tried to sing. He wished to outsing the rest, and he did, repeating over and over again:

"'He lub poor Indian in de wood,
An' me lub God, and dat be good;
I 'll praise him two times mo'!'

"Just before the beginning of the Indian war, my grandmother offended Warmmesley. The English had taught him bad habits, and he had become a cider drinker. He used to wander about the country, going from farm-house to

farm-house, begging for 'hard' cider, as old cider was called.

"One day my grandmother found him lying intoxicated under a tree in the yard, and she forbade the giving of Warmmesley any more cider from the cellar. A few days afterward, he landed from his canoe in front of the grounds, and came to the workmen for cider. The workmen sent him to my grandmother.

"'No, Warmmesley, no more,' said she firmly. 'Steal your wits. Wicked!'

"Warmmesley begged for one porringer — just one.

"'Me sick,' he pleaded.

"'No, Warmmesley. Never. Wrong.'

"'Me pay you!' said he, with an evil look in his eye. 'Me pay you!'

"Just then a flock of crows flew past. Warmmesley pointed to them and said:

"'It 's coming — fight — look up there! Ugh, ugh!' — pointing to the crows. 'Fight English. Look over' — pointing to the bay — 'fight, fight — me pay you! Ugh! Ugh!'

"My grandmother pointed up to the blue sky, as much as to say that her trust was in a higher power than man's.

"Warmmesley turned away reluctantly, looking back with a half-threatening, half-questioning look, and saying 'Ugh! Ugh!' He evidently hoped that my grandmother would call him back, but she was firm.

"The upper windows of the old house overlooked the bay.

"It was fall. The maples flamed and the oak-leaves turned to gold and dust. The flocks of birds gathered and went their unknown way. The evenings were long. It was harvest time. The full moon rose in the twilight, and the harvesters continued their labors into the night.

"Philip, or Pometacom, was now at Mount Hope, and Wetamoo had taken up her residence on the high shores of Pocassett. The hills of Pocassett were in full view of Mount Hope, and between lay the quiet, sheltered waters of the bay. Philip had cherished a strong friendship for Wetamoo, who was the widow of his brother Alexander.

"Night after night the harvesters had noticed canoes crossing and recrossing the bay, moving like shadows silently to and fro. The moon waned; the nights became dark and cloudy; the

movement across the water went on; the boats carried torches now, and the dark bay became picturesque as the mysterious lines of light were drawn across it.

"From time to time a great fire would blaze up near the high rocks at Mount Hope, burn a few hours, and then fade.

"It was whispered about among the English that Philip was holding war-dances, and that Wetamoo and her warriors were attending them. Yet Philip had just concluded a treaty of peace with the English, and Wetamoo professed to be a friend to the Colony.

"War came on the following summer, stealthily at first. Englishmen were found murdered mysteriously in the towns near Mount Hope. Then came the killing of the people in Swanzey as they were going home from church, about which all the histories of the Colonies tell; then the open war.

"Philip flashed like a meteor from place to place, murdering the people and burning their houses. No one could tell where he would next appear, or who would be his next victim. Every colonist during the year 1675, wherever he might be, lived in terror of lurking foes. There were

dreadful cruelties everywhere, and towns and farm-houses vanished in smoke.

"Wetamoo joined Philip. She had some six hundred warriors. Philip had made her believe that the English had poisoned her husband Alexander, who was also his brother, and who had succeeded the good Massasoit. Alexander had died suddenly while returning from Plymouth, on the Taunton river. The mysterious lights on the bay were now explained.

"Before Wetamoo joined Philip, one of her captains had sent word to my grandmother that, as she had been a friend to the Indians, she should be protected.

"'I have only one fear,' said my grandmother often, during that year of terror,—'Warmmesley.'

"Warmmesley-Squammaney had gone away with Philip's braves under Wetamoo. He was one of Wetamoo's captains. Wetamoo herself had joined Philip like a true warrior queen.

"The sultry August of 1676 brought a sense of relief to the Colonies. The warriors of Philip were defeated on every hand. His wife and son were captured, and, broken-hearted, he returned to Mount Hope — the burial-ground of his race

for unknown generations — to die. Wetamoo, too, became a fugitive, and was drowned in attempting to cross to the lovely hills of Pocassett on a raft.

"The war ended. Where was Warmmesley-Squammaney? No one knew. Annawon, Philip's great captain, had been captured, and nearly all the principal leaders of the war were executed; but old Squammaney had mysteriously disappeared.

"Peace came. October flamed, as Octobers flame, and November faded, as Novembers fade, and the snows of December fell. The Colonies were full of joy and thanksgivings.

"'I am thankful for one thing more than all others,' said my grandmother on Thanksgiving Day; 'and that is that I am now sure that old Squammaney is gone where he will never trouble us again. I shall never forget his evil eye as he said, "I will pay you!" It has troubled me night and day.'

"That fall, when my grandmother was dipping candles, she chanced to recall the old custom of the English town from which she had come, of making a powder-candle for Christmas. The spirit of merry-making was abroad upon the re-

turn of peace, and she prepared one of these curious candles, and told her family that they might invite the neighbors' children on Christmas Eve to see it burn and explode. The village schoolmaster, Silas Sloan, was living at the old house, and he took the liberty to invite the school, which consisted of some ten boys and girls.

"Christmas Eve came, a clear, still night, with a white earth and shining sky. Some twenty or more people, young and old, gathered in the great kitchen to see the Christmas candle 'go off.' During the early part of the evening 'Si' Sloan entertained the company with riddles. Then my grandmother brought in the Christmas candle, an odd-looking object, and set it down on its three legs. She lighted it, blew out the other candles, and asked Silas to tell a story.

"Silas was glad of the opportunity to entertain such an audience. The story that he selected for this novel occasion was awful in the extreme, such as were usually told in those times before the great kitchen fires.

"Silas — 'Si,' as he was called — was relating an account of a so-called haunted house, where, according to his silly narrative, the ghost of an Indian used to appear at the foot of an old wo-

man's bed; and some superstitious people declared that the old lady one night, on awaking and finding the ghostly Indian present, put out her foot to push him away, and pushed her foot directly *through him.* What a brave old lady she must have been, and how uncomfortable it must have been for the ghost! — But, at this point of Silas's foolish story, the dog suddenly started up and began to howl.

"The children, who were so highly excited over Si's narrative that they hardly dared to breathe, clung to one another with trembling hands as the dog sent up his piercing cry. Even Si himself started. The dog seemed listening.

"The candle was burning well. The children now watched it in dead silence.

"A half-hour passed. The candle was burning within an inch of the quill, and all eyes were bent upon it. If the candle 'sputtered,' the excitement became intense. 'I think it will go off in ten minutes now,' said my grandmother.

"There was a noise in the yard. All heard it distinctly. The dog dashed round the room, howled, and stopped to listen at the door.

"People who relate so-called ghost stories are often cowardly, and it is usually a cowardly na-

ture that seeks to frighten children. 'Si' Sloan was no exception to the rule.

"The excitement of the dog at once affected Silas. His tall, thin form moved about the room cautiously and mysteriously. He had a way of spreading apart his fingers when he was frightened, and his fingers were well apart now.

"A noise in the yard at night was not an uncommon thing, but the peculiar cry of the dog and the excited state of the company caused this to be noticed. My grandmother arose at last, and, amid dead silence, opened the shutter.

"'I think that there is some one in the cider mill,' said she.

"She looked toward the candle, and, feeling confident that some minutes would elapse before the explosion, she left the room, and went upstairs, and there looked from the window.

"From the window she could see in the moonlight, Mount Hope, where Philip had so recently been killed, and also the arm of the bay, where Wetamoo had perished. She could see the bay itself, and must have remembered the lights that a year before had so often danced over it at night. She lingered there a moment. Then she called:

"'Silas — Silas Sloan!'

"Silas hurried up the stairs.

"They both came down in a few minutes. Silas's face was as white as the snow.

"'What is it?' the children whispered.

"There was another painful silence. Grandmother seemed to have forgotten the candle. All eyes were turned to her face.

"Then followed a sound that sent the blood from every face. It was as if a log had been dashed against the door. The door flew open, and in stalked two Indians. One of them was Warmmesley-Squammaney.

"'Ugh!' said Warmmesley.

"'What do you want?' demanded my grandmother.

"'Me pay you now!—Old Squammaney pay you. Cider!'

"He sat down by the fire, close to the candle. The other Indian stood by his chair, as though awaiting his orders. The young children began to cry, and Silas shook like a man with the palsy.

"'Me pay you!—Me remember! Ugh!' said Squammaney. 'Braves all gone. Me have revenge—old Squammaney die hard. Ugh! Ugh!'

"The door was still partly open, and the wind

blew into the room. It caused the candle to flare up and to burn rapidly.

"Squammaney warmed his hands. Occasionally he would turn his head, slowly, with an evil look in his black eye, as it swept the company.

"The candle was forgotten. The only thought of each one was what Squammaney intended to do.

"All the tragedies of the war just ended were recalled by the older members of the company. Were there other Indians outside?

"No one dared rise to close the door, or to attempt to escape.

"Suddenly Squammaney turned to my grandmother.

"'White squaw get cider. Go—go!'

"The Indians threw open their blankets. They were armed.

"The sight of these armed warriors caused Silas to shake in a strange manner, and his fear and agitation became so contagious that the children began to tremble and sob. When the sound of distress became violent, Squammaney would sweep the company with his dark eyes, and awe it into a brief silence.

"My grandmother alone was calm.

"HE SAT DOWN BY THE FIRE, CLOSE TO THE CANDLE"

"She rose, and walked around the room, followed by the eyes of the two Indians.

"As soon as the attention of the Indians, attracted for a moment by the falling of a burnt stick on the hearth, was diverted from her, she whispered to Silas:

"'Go call the men.'

"The attitude of Silas on receiving this direction, as she recalled it afterward, was comical indeed. His hands were spread out by his side, and his eyes grew white and wild. He attempted to reply in a whisper, but he could only say:

"'Ba-b-b-ba!'

"Squammaney's eyes again swept the room. Then he bent forward to push back some coals that had rolled out upon the floor.

"'Go call the men,' again whispered my grandmother to Silas; this time sharply.

"'Ba—b—b—b—ba!' His mouth looked like a sheep's. His hands again opened, and his eyes fairly protruded. His form was tall and thin, and he really looked like one of the imaginary specters about whom he delighted to tell stories on less perilous occasions.

"Squammaney heard Grandmother's whisper, and became suspicious. He rose, his dark form

towering in the light of the fire. He put his hand on the table where burned the candle. He turned, and faced my grandmother with an expression of hate and scorn.

"What he intended to do was never known, for just at that moment there was a fearful explosion. It was the powder-candle.

"A stream of fire shot up to the ceiling. Then the room was filled with the smoke of gunpowder. The candle went out. The room was dark.

"'White man come! Run!' my grandmother heard one of the Indians say. There was a sound of scuffling feet; then the door closed with a bang. As the smoke lifted, the light of the fire gradually revealed that the Indians had gone. They evidently thought that they had been discovered, pursued, and that the house was surrounded by soldiers.

"At last my grandmother took a candle from the shelf and lighted it. Silas, too, was gone. Whither? Had the Indians carried him away?

"Late in the evening the neighbors began to come for their children, and were told what had happened. The men of the town were soon under arms. But old Warmmesley-Squammaney was never seen in that neighborhood again, nor was

his fate ever known to the town's-people. That was the last fright of the Indian war.

"Silas returned to the school-room the next day, but he never visited the old house again. Whatever may have been his real belief in regard to people of the air, he had resolved never again to put himself under a roof where he would be likely to meet Warmmesley-Squammaney.

"After this strange event, two generations of grandmothers continued to burn, on each Christmas Eve, the old powder-candle."

LITTLE PURITANS

BY H. E. SCUDDER

ONCE when I was in Texas I went into a little German church, where the children were to be catechized, and found the sacristan ringing a chime of bells. It was in the back country, and the church was only a plain little wooden shed; but they had hung two bells, about as large as dinner-bells, under the open roof, and the bell-ringer was ringing them alternately. The tune had not much variety about it, but I suppose it made the older people think of the Germany they had left behind, for when people go into a new country they try their best to keep some memory of the old. Our New England ancestors, when they came here, brought Old England names with them for their towns and many Old England customs; but they did not at first bring bells for their churches, and, instead, a man stood on the doorstep and beat a drum. Drums they had, for the men were all, or nearly all, soldiers. They

did not keep a great army, but every one had his musket and sword and spear, for protection against the hostile Indian or the wild beast. Indeed, when Sunday came and everybody went to church, you would have supposed there was to be a drill or a fight, for there stood the drummer on the step, and the men coming down the broad path were all or nearly all armed; besides, upon the square, fort-like building, in which they first held their meetings, men were stationed on the lookout for enemies.

We call the drum the Puritan church-bell, but in those days the churches in New England were called "meeting-houses,"—the same as *synagogue,* which word you find in the New Testament, and there were a good many points in common between the Jewish synagogue and the New England meeting-house. Let us enter the meeting-house on a Sunday and see what is done there. You will not fail to see the pulpit, which is very high and often overhung by a sounding-board, such as still remain in some old churches. This is the preacher's place, and before him stands an hour-glass filled with sand; for there is no clock in the house, and when the minister begins his sermon he turns the glass and expects

to preach till the last grain of sand has run through. Immediately below the pulpit sit the ruling elders, facing the congregation, and still farther down in the same position sit the deacons. Then comes the congregation, and you could very quickly tell who were the most important people by the place they have in the church, for it is the business of a committee once a year to seat the people according to their general rank in the place, and many a bitter family quarrel has sprung up from disappointment at not being well placed. I think a good text for the minister to preach from when the time for seating came would be James ii, 1–10.

The people do not sit in families, but the men sit on one side and the women on the other, while the boys have a place by themselves. Very likely the floor is sanded, and if it is winter the boys have brought little foot-stoves for their mothers and sisters to put under their feet during the long service. A long service it is. For first the pastor makes a prayer which lasts a quarter of an hour, then the teacher reads and expounds a chapter in the Bible. Nowadays one generally hears the chapter read, in whatever church, without comment, but then it was held that this savored of a

THE OLDEST MEETING-HOUSE IN NEW ENGLAND

superstitious respect for the Bible, as if one must simply listen to it and not understand it. Then one of the ruling elders dictates a psalm out of the Bay psalm-book, which the people sing. These psalms were made imitations in meter of the Psalms of David, and the people only had about ten tunes in all which they could sing. They did not like to sing the psalms just as they stood, for the English Church did that, and they wished to ignore that church in every possible way, so they put the psalms into very troublesome rhyme, and without any musical instrument sang them as well as they could to one of their ten tunes.

After the singing the pastor preaches his hour-long sermon, and adds often an exhortation, then the teacher prays and pronounces a blessing. The same service is held in the afternoon, except that the pastor and teacher change places. Perhaps there is baptism also, when a little child born since the last Sunday, or it may be this very day, is brought in. If there is a contribution, the people go up by turns and place their money in a box which the deacons keep, and sometimes, if they have no money, they bring goods and corn and the like and place them on the floor.

Do you wonder that in the long service, all of

which pretty much was carried on by the minister, the people, and especially the boys, became tired and restless? On cold winter days, as the sermon drew near an end, you could have heard men knocking their half-frozen feet together, and then was the time, too, or on drowsy summer afternoons, when the tithing-man was busy. Who was the tithing-man? He was a parish officer whose special business it was to see that the Sabbath was not broken, and who spent his time in church looking after the boys to see that they behaved themselves. He had a long staff which he carried, much as a sheriff does. He did not always walk up and down before the children. Sometimes he stood behind them, and a boy whose head fell over from sleepiness would feel a thump on the crown presently from the staff of the watchful tithing-man. Many of the seats in the old churches were on hinges, and when people stood up at the blessing, you would hear the seats go slamming against the backs of the pews all over the house like a succession of cannon-crackers. I fancy that the boys who were eager to get away slammed a little harder than was really necessary.

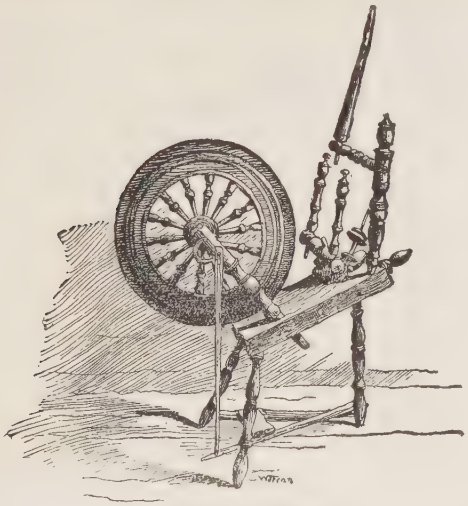
Sunday with the Puritans began at sunset Sat-

urday and lasted until sunset of Sunday. But that is only one day out of seven, though I am afraid it was a long day to many. We are very apt to think of the Puritans as always going to meeting, and little Puritans we imagine as dangling their legs from high wooden seats and wondering when the minister was to be through; but think a moment, remember what New England was at that time, and you will see a little of what young life must have been. There were no large cities or towns as now; there were no screaming railway trains or puffing steamboats. Boston, the largest town, had not so many inhabitants as many a Western village has had in a year's time. There were no great colleges and fine public schools, no public halls, exhibitions, concerts or plays. But then the country was far wilder and more exciting than it now is. New England boys spent their time in fields or in the deep woods, by the banks of the rivers and upon the shore of the roaring sea, or in boats tossing on the water. They learned the use of the bow and the gun, and they had plenty of game right at their doors. They hunted bears and deer and trapped foxes. They shot wild turkeys, wild geese and wild ducks. They did not have to wait

for vacation and then go off a great distance from home, but this was their daily occupation. Then, perhaps, as they walked through the forest they came upon the red Indian, who was not making baskets and miniature canoes, but hunting as they were. If they lived by the sea or rivers, as nearly all did at first, they had their fishing, swimming, rowing and sailing. This was all part of their work as well as their sport, and hard lives they led of it, too, for from early youth they worked with the elder men, laying out roads through the woods, digging wells and ditches, making walls and fences, keeping out wolves and wild-cats. There were houses and barns to be built, ships and boats to make, mills, fortifications and churches. There were farms and orchards to lay out and cultivate, and when winter came, they went into the woods and cut down the forest trees, and when the snow was hard, they sledded the logs to the wood-pile, the timber to the mill. They had not the various labor-saving machines, but every one had to work hard with plain tools; and as there were few stores, people raised or made nearly all that they themselves needed to use.

The girls, too, had their work. Every home had

its spinning-wheel and loom, and the women and young girls spun and wove all the clothing and household stuff. They had to take care of the



A COLONIAL FLAX-WHEEL

houses, and they had their out-door life also, working on the farm and in the field. When the long winter evenings came they read by the fireside, and had their quilting bees and their husking frolics. There was plenty of wood in the forest, and the wood-piles were built high, so they stuffed the great logs into the big chimney and had roaring fires, which did not warm the houses as our furnaces do, but were vastly more

cheerful and more wholesome. There was not much schooling with books, and there were few who spent as much time in school as most children now spend in vacation.

Now, all new countries require work, and New England boys and girls had to work hard; but it was not work only which made New England so well known and so great that hundreds of books have been written about her and will continue to be written for generations to come. The boys and girls who heard the drum call them to church, and sat restlessly there under the eye of the tithing-man, did not always understand what was said, and many times foolish things were said by the preachers; but the day which they kept so rigorously was always reminding them that there was something more to be done than to get rich fast and spend their riches on themselves. The children in meeting-house and at work learned self-control, learned that it was manlier and better to labor than to be self-indulgent, and they were never allowed to think that they could do anything they chose. We live in happier times now, and should think it very odd to see boys always take off their hats, and girls courtesy, when they met older people in the road;

A PURITAN CHURCH BELL

to write letters to our fathers which begin Honored Sir, and to treat our parents as if they were judges of the Supreme Court; but because little Puritans did these things, you must not fancy they did not love their parents, or that their parents did not love them.

So when we think of the stiff, hard-looking Puritans, we may remember that they hated lies and worked hard. The little Puritans grew up in a free out-of-door life, and learned in childhood to set duty before pleasure. And it was out of such stuff that the men and women of the Revolution came.

A NEW LEAF FROM WASHINGTON'S BOY LIFE

BY WM. F. CARNE

GEORGE WASHINGTON, as every schoolboy knows, was the son of Augustine Washington, of Westmoreland County, Virginia. Lawrence Washington, George's half-brother, and fifteen years his senior, was, while George was yet a schoolboy, an officer of Virginia troops fighting for the English flag against the "Dons," at Carthagena and on the Spanish Main. Colonel William Fairfax, of Belvoir, a great man in the old Virginia days, was the county lieutenant, member of the Governor's Council, and the resident manager of the vast Virginian estates of his cousin Thomas, Lord Fairfax. Belvoir lay among the Potomac hills in that beautiful stretch of country that may be seen from the great white dome of the Capitol. After his father's death, Lawrence Washington built a home, which he called Mount Vernon,

upon his inherited estate of 7000 acres on the Potomac, and he married Annie Fairfax, the daughter of the great man of Belvoir.

THE HOUSE NEAR FREDERICKSBURG WHICH WAS WASHINGTON'S HOME DURING EARLY MANHOOD

So to that beautiful home, his school days over, came young George Washington, a bright boy of fourteen. Madam Lawrence Washington's brothers and sisters at Belvoir were, most of them, of a companionable age for young George, and he soon grew intimate and familiar at the Fairfax mansion. The abundance of youthful society made Belvoir very attractive to a lad of Washington's tastes, surroundings, and disposition.

The sports of the open air and the pleasant indoor amusements led to a friendship that colored all of Washington's life. The elder of the two Fairfax lads, George William Fairfax, early won the admiration of Washington, and his influence is shown in a curious way, by the fact that, just as Washington grew into manhood, he changed his signature and fashioned it anew upon the model of George Fairfax's autograph.

When Washington was seventeen years of age he wrote his name thus:

George William Fairfax's signature, still to be seen on a score of documents at Fairfax Court House, is as follows:

After Washington had been acquainted with Mr. Fairfax for some years, and had corre-

sponded with him, he changed his autograph to this:

The second of the Fairfax boys bore the name of Thomas. This lad young Washington never saw, but it was this absent Thomas who exerted the strongest influence over young George Washington's developing youth, and excited a spirit of manliness and emulation that none of his actual associates could inspire. Before Washington became intimate at Belvoir, young Thomas Fairfax, then scarcely more than a child, had been made a midshipman in the "King's Navee," and had sailed away to foreign seas.

But, though away from Belvoir, he was by no means forgotten in the loving family circle into which George Washington had been admitted. Indeed, the absent lad Thomas Fairfax was the hero of that Virginian home. Around his name there hung the glamour of romance, and to the home-folk the boy's doings and experiences were of far more importance than were the events of which they formed a part.

In March, 1744, all Europe became involved in the strife over the claims of Maria Theresa, the great Archduchess of Austria: and France declared war against England. In the fall of 1744, a British squadron, comprising two ships-of-war of sixty guns and one of twenty guns, under the flag of Commodore Barnet, sailed from Portsmouth, England, with orders to cruise against the French in the East Indian seas; and on one of these — the ship-of-war *Harwick,* Captain Carteret commanding — sailed young Thomas Fairfax, midshipman.

The fleet was to cruise in the Bay of Bengal, mainly between Ceylon and Madras; but no sooner had it appeared in East Indian waters, than Monsieur Labourdonnais, commandant of the Isles of France and Bourbon,[1] and an adventurous and daring sailor, hastened to oppose its manœuvers. Embarking a crew of three thousand untried men, of whom seven hundred were negroes, on nine leaky vessels, he sailed to the attack; but with an unseaworthy fleet and an equally unseaworthy crew, the ocean defeated him even before he met the enemy. One of his

[1] Now known as Mauritius, and famous in literature as the scene of the story of "Paul and Virginia."

GREENWAY COURT
BUILT BY LORD FAIRFAX

LORD FAIRFAX'S LODGING

ships was wrecked on the coast of Madagascar, and he was obliged to put back for repairs. So not until 1746 did the hostile squadrons meet. They joined then in what the chronicles of the day call "a distant and almost bloodless action," in which "neither party could lay claim to any decided advantage." But that "almost bloodless action," of which the histories of India scarcely make mention, had its effect, in one way, upon the future of what is now a nation of eighty millions of people. For on the deck of the *Harwick,* His Britannic Majesty's ship-of-war, fell the young Virginian, Thomas Fairfax, the brave boy midshipman.

With the first winds of winter came the sad news to Belvoir; and young George Washington, then about fifteen, joined in the deep but stately grief of the stricken family, and, under the inspiration of the report of courageous deeds, woke to a new ambition that never died.

Funeral rites were performed at Belvoir for the young hero who had been buried at sea. His father inscribed upon the marble that commemorated his death a quaint epitaph. It is as follows:

To the Memory of

THOMAS FAIRFAX ESQUIRE

Who died fighting in his Country's cause on board the Harwick Ship of War in an engagement with Monsieur Bourdenaye, commander of a French Squadron on the Indian Coast

the 26th of June 1746,
and in the 21st year of his age,

Beloved by his commander, Captain Carteret, and highly favored by his friend Commodore Barnet for his politeness of manners. He was a comely personage, of undoubted bravery, skilled in the theory of the profession; excelled by few as a Naval Draughtsman, gave early promises, by a pregnant genius and diligent application, of a consummate officer for the service of his country. But the Wisdom of Heaven is inscrutable: human life is ever in the hands of its author; and while the good and brave are always ready for death, resignation becomes their surviving friends. Convinced of this duty yet subdued by the sentiments of a tender parent this tablet was inscribed and dedicated by his sorrowing father.

May, Britain, all thy sons like him behave.—
May all be virtuous and like him be brave.
Thy fiercest foes undaunted he withstood,
And perished fighting for his country's good.

A manly boy is quick to listen and ready to respond to the story of manliness in others. To young George Washington the dirges for the dead midshipman at Belvoir came rather as a note of triumph than a song of sorrow, for they told of a heroic death — the epic of a boy, scarce older than himself, who had fallen under the enemies' guns on far-off eastern seas, where the flag of his ship, unstruck, waved at the peak above his ocean funeral.

Bold, ambitious, accustomed to see no boy excel him, full of high sentiments of honor, loyalty, and duty — who can doubt what pulses thrilled the heart of Washington, when this example was brought face to face with him every hour of his life? Who can fail to see in these events the motive which led him to seek, like Fairfax, a midshipman's commission? You all know the story: how a vessel waited in the Potomac; how Washington's luggage was sent on board; how his mother, agonized lest her son, too, should die among strangers on far-off seas, intervened; and how, at her entreaties, he abandoned a career that seemed to him full of promise and of glory, — all these are familiar themes. He laid his ambition at his mother's feet, and turned his steps to the

Thomas Fairfax
George Washington
H. Haggens

then quiet paths that lay about his home. And soon those paths extended into scenes of peril and adventure that gave him fame even before he reached the age at which Thomas Fairfax fell. But the influence of the midshipman's example did not stop there. And the heights of Boston and the field of Yorktown witnessed in after years the display of the martial spirit that was quickened into life by the memory of Thomas Fairfax and of his death in that unchronicled fight, when the Virginia boy builded his life into the foundation of the Empire of India.

THE DUCKING-STOOL

THE STAMP-ACT BOX

BY DAVID WALKER WOODS, JR.

LOOKING over some deeds the other day, I noticed that on most of them were several stamps ranging in value from ten cents to ten dollars. Every boy who has a stamp-album knows that these are revenue-stamps which represent a tax imposed by the United States government in order to raise money to carry on the war for the Union. Very few people in the North objected to this tax, for they were supporting the Union soldiers and the government at Washington.

But these stamps remind us of two other wars with which stamps had much to do. During our war for the Union the stamps were sold to raise money to resist and put down rebellion. The other wars were wars against unjust taxation, and this taxation was represented by the stamps. In one case rebellion produced the stamps; in the other two cases the stamps produced rebellion.

One of these latter wars resulted in the independence of Cuba. Perhaps my readers already know that the Cubans complained of the taxes of the Spanish government. Every merchant in Cuba had to have the pages of his account-books marked with a government stamp fixed there by an inspector who examined the books every three months or oftener. Every shopkeeper had to pay a tax for each letter of the sign over his door. These things cost a great deal of money. If the money were used in Cuba, and for the benefit of the Cubans, perhaps they would not have resisted the tax. But most of it, the Cubans said, went to Spain; they also claimed that the little that remained in Cuba was used to pay Spanish officials and soldiers who oppressed the Cubans.

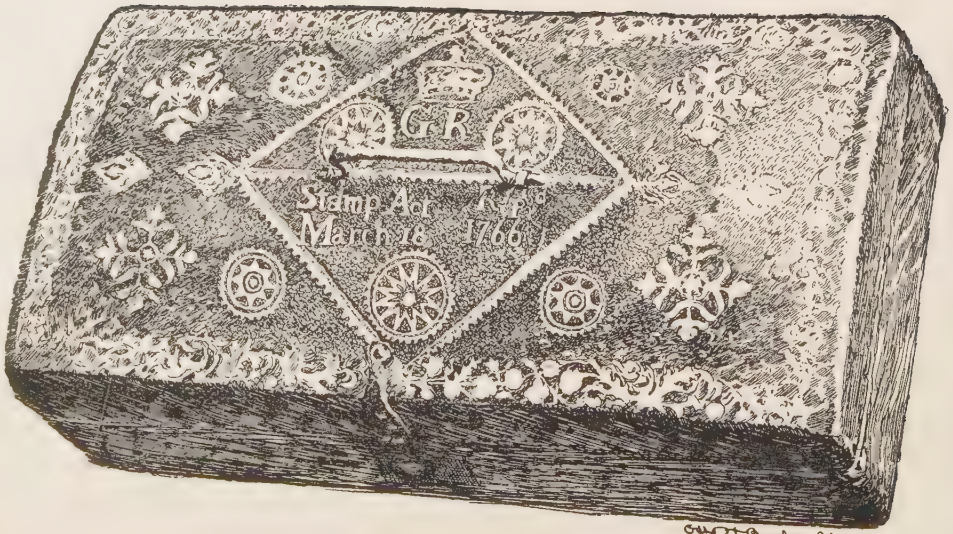
The war in Cuba was very much like the American Revolution, in which our forefathers rebelled against the British government. Most of us think of the Revolution as beginning with the victory of the "Minutemen" at Concord in 1775. It really began in 1765, and was marked by a victory in 1766. In 1765 the British government passed the Stamp Act, which obliged the Americans to put stamps on their deeds and other legal

papers and to pay for stamps placed on British goods. The Americans resisted this by refusing to buy British goods. Lawyers refused to put the stamps on their papers, and ladies gave up wearing dresses of English cloth, and wore homespun gowns.

The men went further. In Boston they made an effigy of the stamp-collector Oliver, to which they tied a boot, in ridicule of Lord Bute, the British minister. These were placed on a bier, and then burned in front of Oliver's house.

In New York the men broke into the governor's coach-house, took out his coach, on which they put a stuffed figure, and burned both coach and effigy in front of the governor's residence. Finally, things came to such a pass that the British government repealed the Stamp Act, and that was the colonists' first victory. The repeal papers were sent over in a little wooden box covered with leather.

Ten years later this box fell into the hands of a member of the Continental Congress who was also a signer of the Declaration of Independence. After the war he gave it to his wife, who gave it to her daughter, and she probably used to keep her gloves and ribbons in it. It happens



THE STAMP-ACT BOX

that this daughter was my grandmother, and that is how the box came into our family.

If you could see the box, you would find that the leather and the wood are full of little holes. They were made by insects, which might have destroyed the box. But it has been saturated with a strong chemical which we hope will save it for many years. In the picture you are looking down at the top of the box. The little brass handle by which it was carried lies upon the letters "G. R.," which stand for Georgius Rex, that is, King George. Above the letters is a crown, and below you can read the words, "Stamp Act R'p'd, March 18, 1766." The letters and the figures which ornament the box are in gilt.

This box is a trophy of a victory against unjust taxation. But all true men of that day thought of something more than money and taxes. They believed in uprightness and honor and truth. It is the duty of a government to do justice, and this was well understood by John Witherspoon, who gave an ancestor of mine the Stamp-Act Box. It is very well to have a strong navy and a strong army; but it is well also to remember the words of Witherspoon of the Con-

tinental Congress on the true nature of national strength:

"He who makes a people virtuous makes them invincible" — that is, the true strength of a nation is uprightness.

OUR COLONIAL COINS

THE PINE-TREE SHILLING

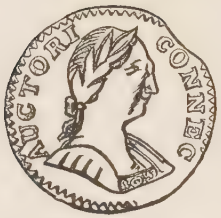
REVERSE

MASSACHUSETTS CENT

REVERSE

CONNECTICUT CENT

REVERSE



CONNECTICUT CENT

REVERSE

CONNECTICUT CENT

REVERSE

VERMONT CENT (REVERSE)

REVERSE, 1787

NEW JERSEY CENT

REVERSE

CAROLINA HALFPENNY

REVERSE

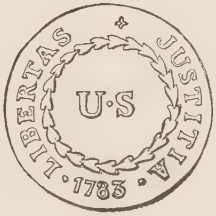
ROSA AMERICANA HALFPENNY

REVERSE

VIRGINIA HALFPENNY

REVERSE

NOVA CONSTELATIO CENT



REVERSE

WASHINGTON CENT

WASHINGTON "UNITY" CENT
(REVERSE)

ROSA AMERICANA HALFPENNY
(ANOTHER ISSUE)

SMALL-HEAD CENT
(REVERSE)

LOUISIANA CENT

REVERSE

LOUISIANA CENT

REVERSE